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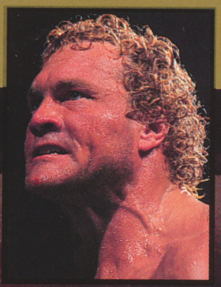

WWF
WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
MAGAZINE

MOMMY?

THE BIZARRE BOND BETWEEN GOLDUST AND MANKIND

THE KID BENEATH HIS WINGS:
THE STORY OF SHAWN AND JOSE

OCTOBER 1996

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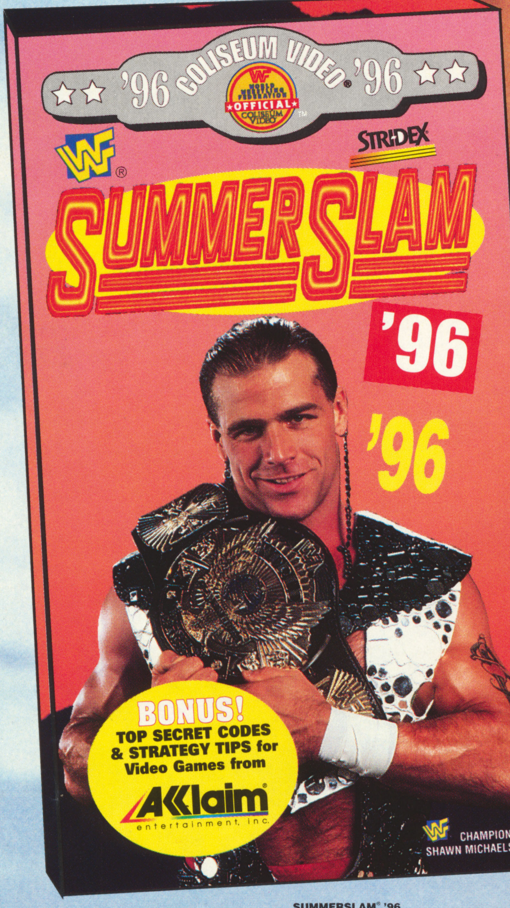
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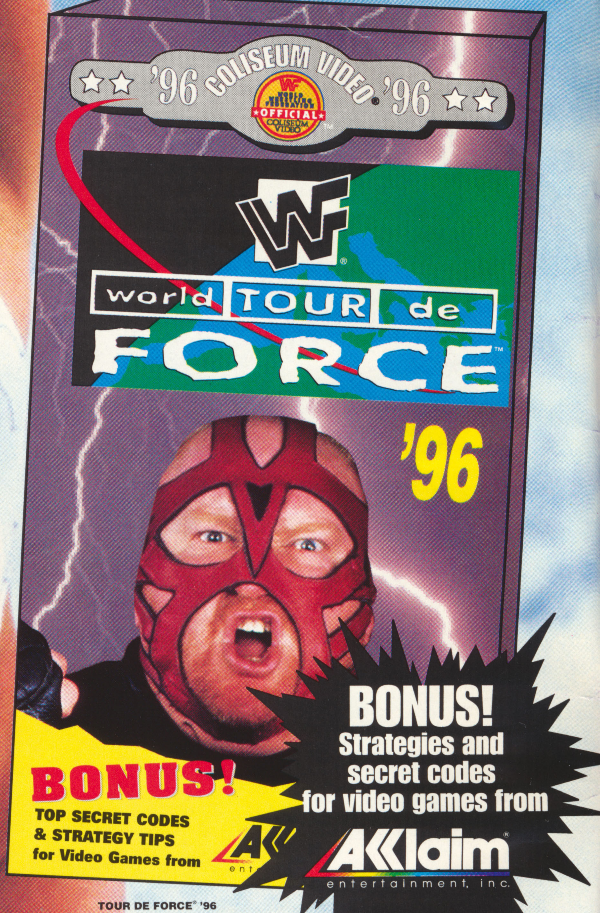
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WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION®
MAGAZINE

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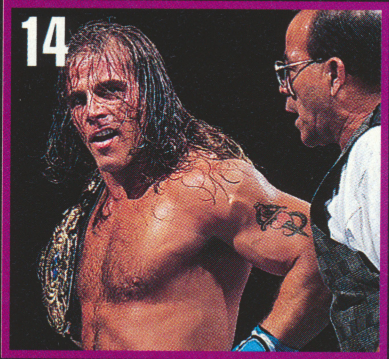

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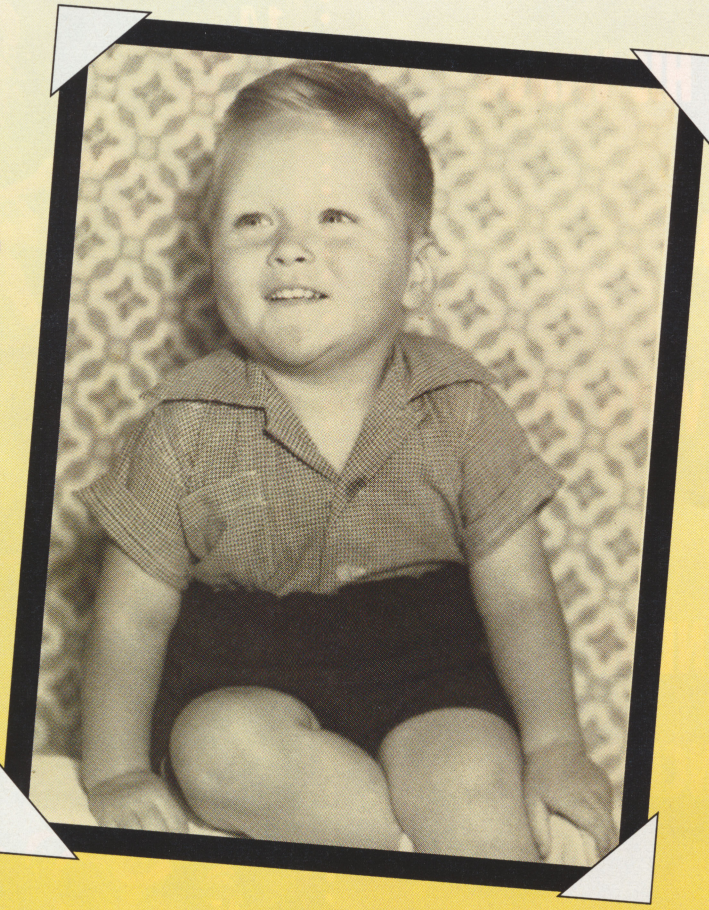
CAN YOU GUESS THE SECRET SUPERSTAR

This month's Secret Superstar is no stranger to dialing a 900 number on his telephone now and then!



HINTS:

1. When this month's Secret Superstar thinks of sports, visions of the great state of Oklahoma and its Sooners football come to mind!
2. This month's Secret Superstar made a friend for life when he decided to visit Mankind on a regular basis in basements across the globe!
3. Known around the Federation as a "Good Ol' Boy", this month's Secret Superstar is not afraid to put on the overalls and step into the Hog Pen when duty calls!
4. One of the best color commentators in the business, this month's Secret Superstar will be long known for dubbing the catch phrase "HOROWITZ WINS! HOROWITZ WINS!"

THE SECRET SUPERSTAR IS: ____________

ANSWER ON PAGE 64

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FEDERATION FANatics

Name: Stevie Harper
Age: 7
Hometown: Panama City, Florida
School: Northside Elementary
Grade: Second
Future Ambition: To play football for the NFL and be a movie star!
Favorite Federation Superstar: Shawn Michaels
Least Favorite Federation Superstar: Hunter Hearst-Helmsley
What I like best about the World Wrestling Federation: I like when it comes on TV, which is before my bedtime!
If I were president of the World Wrestling Federation, I would: Fix my mom up on a date with Bret Hart... and I would also make my brother Troy wrestle Yokozuna!
What I do when I'm not watching the World Wrestling Federation: I roller skate, play baseball and play video games like WrestleMania on my Sega Genesis!

Name: Dustin Burns
Age: 13
Hometown: Rossville, Indiana
School: Rossville Jr./Sr. High
Grade: Eighth
Future Ambition: To become a Federation announcer like Howard Finkel
Favorite Federation Superstar: Shawn Michaels
Least Favorite Federation Superstar: British Bulldog and Owen Hart
What I like best about the World Wrestling Federation: All the action and excitement during the weekend!
If I were president of the World Wrestling Federation, I would: Make a new 24-hour-a-day World Wrestling Federation channel!
What I do when I'm not watching the World Wrestling Federation:
I talk to my friends about wrestling and I read the World Wrestling Federation Magazine from cover to cover!

Questions, Comm

There is no time limit!!

World Wrestling Federation Magazine Interactive is a no-time-limit, no-holds-barred, communicative channel where you can connect with the Federation any day or night in order to bodyslam us with your opinions and views! We've opened up the ring ropes to offer you many lines of communication. Whether it be by fax, phone, E-mail or post office, our cauliflower ears are open to you 24 hours a day, 7 days a week! So, don't be a ham-n-egger!!! Spill your ideas, and voice your opinions—WE WANT TO HEAR `EM!

How to reach us!!

For subscription questions, orders, renewals and change-of-address requests, call 904-445-4320.

To reach the editor, use any of the methods listed below:

FAX your comments, questions and suggestions to:
203-359-5118

E-MAIL us at the following Internet address:
WWFEDITOR@AOL.COM

WRITE us at:
World Wrestling Federation Magazine,
c/o Vince Russo, Editor,
P.O. Box 3859,
Stamford, CT 06905.

E-mail:

Dear Editor,
Why is everyone always putting down Jim Cornette? I personally feel that he is the smartest manager of all time! For example, if it wasn't for Cornette, Vader would still be suspended! Will people ever stop making fun of him and accepting him for the mastermind he is?

Fireman82@AOL.COM

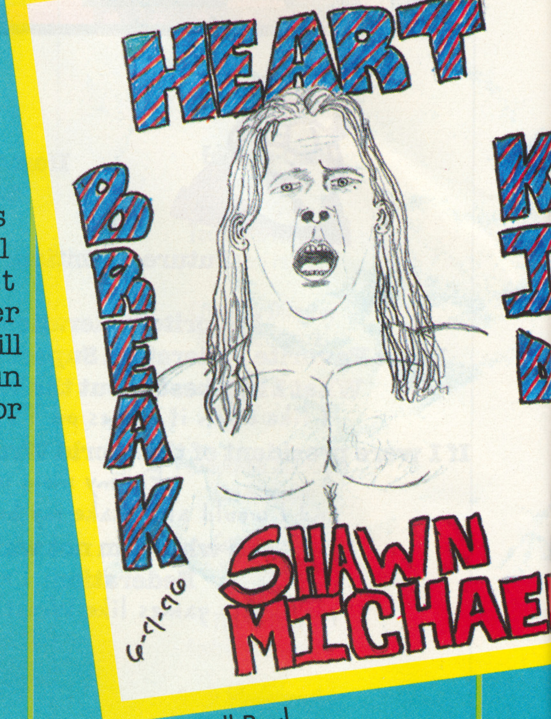
Dear Fireman,
No.

Fax:

Dear Editor,
Why does the World Wrestling Federation allow superstars such as Mankind and Vader to compete in the World Wrestling Federation? All these guys do is try to hurt people! Superstars such as Shawn Michaels, Ahmed Johnson and Savio Vega belong, but why let monsters like these nuts into the ranks?

Courtney Collins
Dallas, TX

Dear Courtney,
The object in the World Wrestling Federation is to WIN. And some superstars choose to do whatever they "have to do" in order to achieve that goal. Whether it means Vader Bombing somebody or getting a few fingers in the mouth—ANYTHING GOES IN THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION!



By Muzell Paul

Letter:

Dear Editor,
Why doesn't the Undertaker get another title shot? Even though he has been handed a few defeats in recent months, everyone knows that there is no force in the World Wrestling Federation stronger than he is. Is Shawn ducking him or are Federation officials not giving him a match?

Sean Tucker
Hartford, CT

ents, and gossip

INTERACTIN' WITH THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Dear Sean,
Unfortunately for everybody's favorite Grim Reaper, right now the Undertaker has his hands full with Mankind. Eventually I'm sure that Shawn and the Reaper will collide, but for now it's boiler rooms for the Dead Man!

Letter:

Dear Editor,
Thanks for having an article in the August edition of the World Wrestling Federation Magazine about the women of the World Wrestling Federation! In "Mirror, Mirror, On The Wall" you guys really showed the fans that there is more to those women than just beauty! Why not do this with some of the male wrestlers? I'm sure the ladies wouldn't mind seeing who is the "fairest of them all"!
PS—Maybe Bill Banks can write that too!

Mrs. Banks
Bridgeport, CT

Dear Mrs. Banks,

All right, MRS. BANKS. Your son did a nice job on the article "Mirror, Mirror, On The Wall" and maybe, just MAYBE, I may give him another assignment. In the meantime, sit back, have a yoo-hoo and enjoy the rest of the magazine.

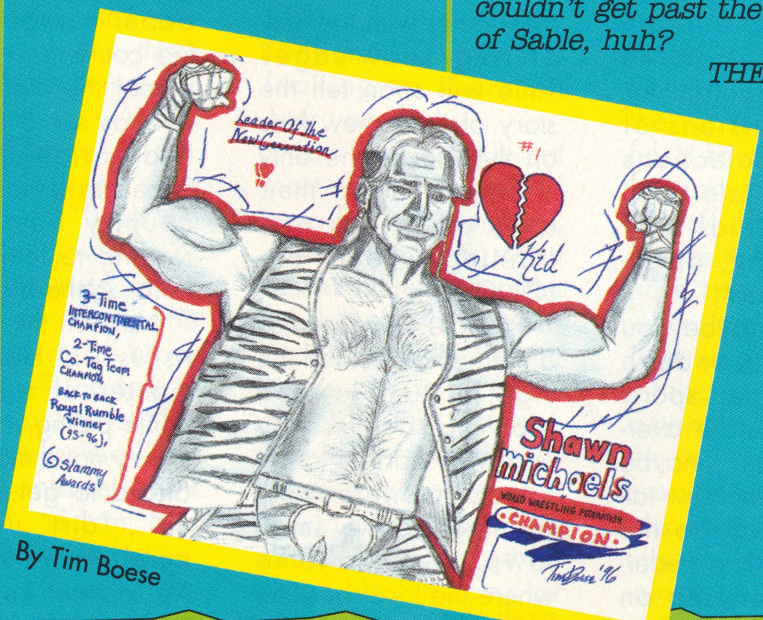
Fax:

Dear Editor,
Thanks for putting the Wildman Marc Mero and Sable on the August World Wrestling Federation Magazine! I knew it would only be a matter of time before they "clawed their way to the top"! But I've always wondered what Marc and Sable do in their spare time! I was hoping you would have something about their private life in there—hobbies, games, favorite foods, etc. How about it?

David Disenzo
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Dear David,
All those traits were covered in the Wildman's "Personality Profile". I guess you just couldn't get past the pictures of Sable, huh?

THE EDITOR


Leader Of the New Generation
#1
Kid
3-Time Intercontinental Champion,
2-Time Co-Tag Team Champion
Back to Back Royal Rumble Winner (95-96),
6 Slammy Awards
Shawn Michaels
World Wrestling Federation
Champion
Tim Boese '96

By Tim Boese

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- INTERACTIVE WRESTLING GAME: OPTION 5
- ROSS REPORT: OPTION 6
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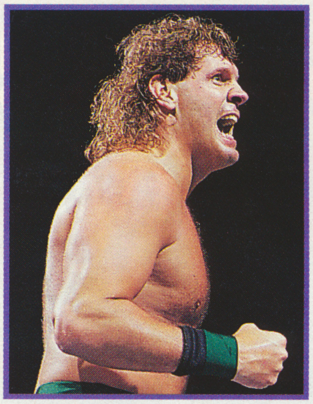
- IN YOUR HOUSE POST-MATCH COMMENTS: OPTION 8

Rookies to LEGENDS

HEROES OF YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW



Superstar:
FREDDIE JOE FLOYD
Height: 6' 1"
Weight: 238 lbs.
Hometown:
Bowlegs, OK

Superstar:
T.L. HOPPER
Height: 6' 0"
Weight: 230 lbs.
Hometown:
Plummerton, TN

When the word "rookie" is mentioned in the same breath as any sport like basketball, football or baseball, visions of draft-day selections with Dick Vitale often come to mind! Hey BAAAABEEEE, dipsy-doo dunk-a-roo!!

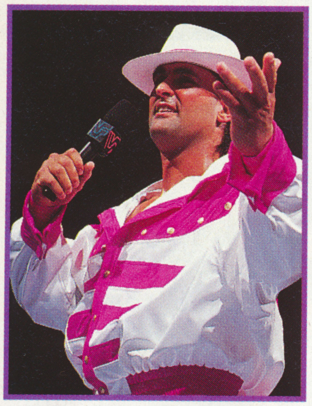
Okay... maybe you don't watch enough plastic-wrapped sports television like the average sports fan... maybe you just like the new talent on its way to the World Wrestling Federation! Depending on how these mat gumshoes perform over the next few months, they will either be compared to the disasterous '86 NBA Draft of Tarpley, Bias and Bedford or the star-studded '85 NBA Draft that included the likes of Ewing, Jordan and Olajuwon.

Will these newcomers be "en fuego" (as the Sportscenter staff would say), or will they taste the bitter defeat that comes with the lack of ring knowledge? Time will soon tell the story of these new kids on the block—the only difference being their days of Stridex and training wheels are LONG gone!

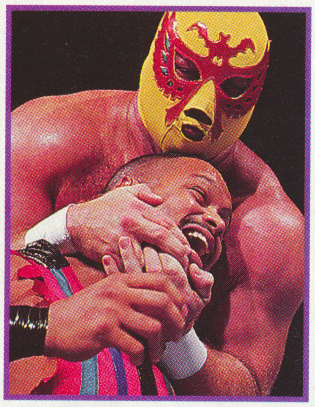
Freddie Joe Floyd is a man who decided the sight of tumbleweed blowing across the yard was starting to get a tad monotonous. Coming from a small town in Oklahoma where the local pastime is watching the paint peel off the house, Floyd was determined to become someone in this world... and that's where he crossed paths with the World Wrestling Federation. Thus far, Freddie has succeeded in pinning Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw on national TV. One can only wonder what this will lead to next for the young good ol' boy! And talk about nervous... this kid couldn't even sleep or eat the night before he was set to make his Federation debut! Here's to a down-home country boy who is starting to feel right at home in the big city!

Next on the blue-chip list is T.L. Hopper! A master of toilet and home piping, Hopper is clearly not a man who is afraid to get a little... uh... "dirt" under his nails! As we saw from Mr. Hopper in his battle against Duke "The Dumpster" Droese, this man knows when it's time to "flush" an opponent down the drain for good. Fighting not only for the respect of "Plumbing Professionals" worldwide but also for himself, T.L. Hopper and his plunger "Miss Betsy" are out to show Federation superstars that too many hours spent chatting with the Tidy Bowl Man tend to make you a little irritable! One word of advice... don't DARE call him "John"!

Out of the red, white and green corner, the most sincere person to ever set foot into the ring—Salvatore Sincere! The man from the land of wine and pasta brings his brutal style of wrestling to the ranks of the World Wrestling Federation! In his Federation debut, Salvatore grabbed the microphone from the announcer's table, and in his old-style accent declared "I love each and every one of you from the bottom of my heart... SINCERELY!" You may question whether he is an Italian Don Juan or an Italian hit man, but you can't doubt his ring ability! With moves like an off-the-top-rope elbowdrop and lightening-quick suplexes, Salvatore Sin-



Superstar:
SALVATORE SINCERE
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 250 lbs.
Hometown:
Italy



Superstar:
WHO
Height: ?' ?"
Weight: ??? lbs.
Hometown:
???????

Superstar:
GOON
Height: 6' 5"
Weight: 267 lbs.
Hometown:
Duluth, MN

Superstar:
Alex "PUG" Pourteau
Height: 5' 10"
Weight: 226 lbs.
Hometown:
New Orleans, LA

cere will no doubt make a few people's lives in the ranks very unhappy... SINCERELY! Just make sure you don't offer him some pasta—Wednesday is spaghetti day for Salvatore!

Once in a great while a masked man comes along who sends shock waves through the Federation. Rarely do any of them last for a long period of time. The man known as "Who" is out to change that generalization! "Who" you may ask? Yes, exactly... but don't dare ask me if he's on first. Many will try to guess who this marvel may be, but only the man under the mask knows his own true identity. With the build of a rock, Who recently took Savio Vega to the limit, ultimately coming up a few punches short of beating the Caribbean Legend. Who is out to show everyone that he has BIG plans for every superstar here in the Federation. Who? Yes, that's who. What? Yes, Who. This is getting WAY too confusing for me!

No one ever said hockey wasn't a violent sport... but how vicious do you have to be to get kicked out of the NHL? You say it's never been done? Go talk to Goon! Hockey sticks, goalie masks, the Zamboni machine—you name it, Goon has used it to injure his opponents! Hailing from the great hockey state of Minnesota, Goon is out to give a few "slapshots" to the heads of many Federation superstars! Why does he appear to be so happy when he's beating on opponents with his unorthodox style in the ring? That's because Goon knows that there are no penalty boxes in the World Wrestling Federation! Look out Shawn Michaels and Ahmed Johnson... Goon is looking to skate all over your faces!

Last but certainly not least, the most heralded amateur of them all, Alex "Pug" Pourteau makes his way into the World Wrestling Federation! Strictly one of the young guns in the ranks of the Federation, Pourteau is looking to learn some of the basics to climb that ladder to the gold! Before he even has dreams of achieving ANYTHING in the Federation, "Pug" must first take his bumps and falls like everyone else! Coming from a highly successful amateur background, Alex knows the mechanics of takedowns and armbars, but does he truly know how to hurt an opponent the way Mankind and Vader can? It might take some time before Pourteau can master the ropes but be careful, a knuckle sandwich from any man can hurt!

Now that all the latest rookies to the Federation have been established, who will make it and who will break? It takes a versatile and cunning athlete to get to the top and just as in every other sport, these "superstars-to-be" are going to run into a lot of obstacles! But please don't call them rookies to their faces—or you may be kissing NOTHING BUT THE BOTTOM OF THE MAT.

THE BIT

BY VIC VENOM

NO, I HAVE NEVER BEEN WRONG BEFORE!!! In my monumental life I have never made one single, solitary (look it up, idiots) mistake. The fact is, everything I have ever done since the day I was born has been IMPECCABLE. Remember all those Pay-Per-View predictions I used to make? Well, I quit doing that because at 1,069-0, I GOT BORED WITH IT!!! In other words, VIC VENOM IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

That is until now.

So, I made a mistake... SHOOT ME!!! END MY LIFE!!! DO WHATEVER IT IS YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO DO!!! Break out the dancing girls, the cream sodas and ROCK THE HOUSE DOWN!!! The GREAT Vic Venom was WRONG... ONCE!!!

Here is the ugly truth: I LIKE SHAWN MICHAELS AS THE WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION CHAMPION. There, I said it. Now, that doesn't mean that I wouldn't kick his tuckuss if he stepped into the ring with me, it only means that over the past six months he has shown me a helluva lot!!! I can hear you all now, "VIC, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?! CAN YOU REALLY MEAN IT?! ARE YOU SOFTENING UP?!" SOFTENING UP?! BITE ME!!! This kingpin ain't no CHARMIN-HEAD!!! I'm not soft, nor will I ever be. HOWEVER, I am HONEST!!!

I guess you can say this SAPPERY all started for me at July's In Your House. I was in the General Motors Place, which I might add is located in the armpit of the world—Canada—and I witnessed something that any man had to be impressed with. For over 30 minutes, Shawn Michaels was beaten pillar-to-post by the "Man They Call Vader", and he just KEPT COMING AT HIM! The Heartbreak Kid, or whatever the heck it is he calls himself, was resilient. Everything Vader dished out—he took. Relentless wasn't even the word. By the time the bell sounded, the punishment of Vader and the chicanery (get out your Webster's, DOPES) of James E. proved to be too much for the champion, but by that time he had far proved himself to me. AND what may have been even more impressive is on the next day when he was conducting interviews for the media. The first words that came out of his mouth were, "No excuses. Vader pinned me in the middle of the ring!" Now, that's a stand up kind a guy—LIKE IT... OR NOT!!!

Up until now, I wouldn't have even given Shawn Michaels a used Kleenex. The dancing, the gyrating, the BE-BOPPING... THE KLIQ. Ah yes, THE KLIQ. Here's the good news: I STILL HATE EVERY ONE OF THEM. Wannabes, hangeroners... IDIOTS!!! But Shawn Michaels... sorry to say that these black eyes might have seen his brillant spotlight. Forgetting all the hoopla, Shawn Michaels just may be THE top performer in the ring today. Over the past six months, we have seen this guy fight every war imaginable AND not only fight them, but come out on top on most occasions. There was the hour with the master mechanic, then the no-holds barred brawl with the master maniac—throughout them all, Shawn Michaels fought every step of the way. Yeah, he does have a big mouth and yeah, he is one cocky sonofagun, but yeah... he is also perhaps the greatest sports-entertainer in the world today. Now that's not to say that he can get more chicks than yours truly because that will never happen. BUT it is to say that I respect him.

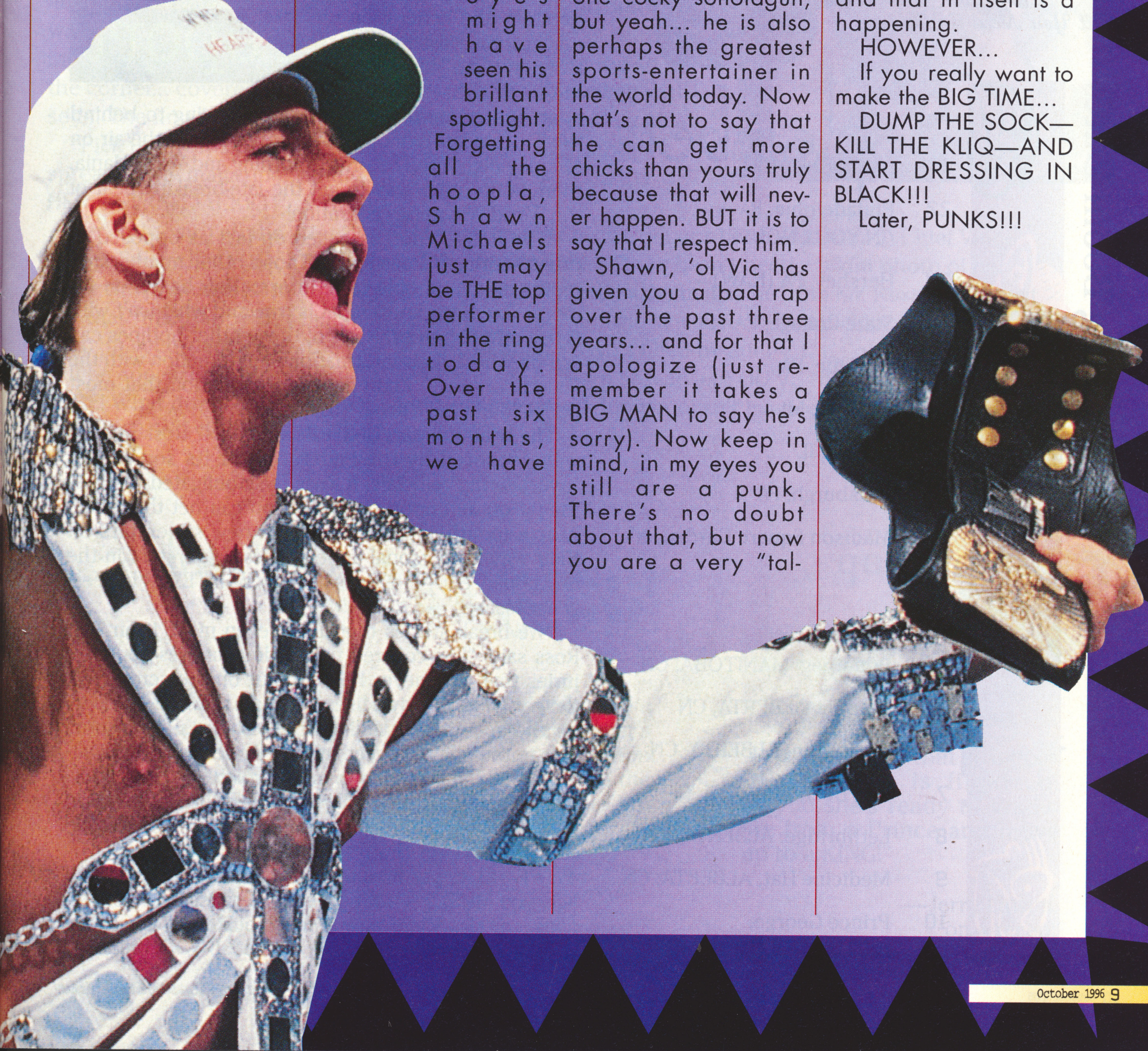
Shawn, 'ol Vic has given you a bad rap over the past three years... and for that I apologize (just remember it takes a BIG MAN to say he's sorry). Now keep in mind, in my eyes you still are a punk. There's no doubt about that, but now you are a very "talented" punk with the heart of a lion... all right, maybe that is a little crazy. Let's say lioness... just to keep it in perspective. As you know, I don't usually give many men credit—and I certainly don't give any WOMEN credit (except my mother, of course). But I'm tipping my hat to you. You have proven the Great One wrong and that in itself is a happening.

HOWEVER...

If you really want to make the BIG TIME...

DUMP THE SOCK—KILL THE KLIQ—AND START DRESSING IN BLACK!!!

Later, PUNKS!!!



TALES FROM THE TURNBUCKLE

All You Need To Know

Big Bang Boom Dates

September

21	Baltimore, MD
22	Philadelphia, PA (IN YOUR HOUSE)
23	Hershey, PA (RAW)
24	State College, PA
25	Danville, PA
26	Saginaw, MI
27	Detroit, IL
28	Pittsburgh, PA
29	Madison Square Garden, NY

October

4	Winnipeg, MANITOBA, CN
5	Calgary, ALBERTA, CN
6	Edmonton, ALBERTA, CN
7	Red Deer, ALBERTA, CN
8	Lethbridge, ALBERTA, CN
9	Medicine Hat, ALBERTA, CN
10	Prince George, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CN

ross reports on the report

Tired of calling 1-900 wrestling numbers only to wait 15 minutes for no information whatsoever? The World Wrestling Federation has the answer for all of its fans who want to get the inside scoop on all the breaking news throughout the week! On option #6 of the Federation Superstar Line, fans can tune in to one of the most popular and informative reports across the globe—the Ross Report!

Using a variety of sources, including superstars and Federation officials, the Ross Report truly gives an "insider's" view of the world of sports-entertainment from inside the ring to behind the TV camera! From the time RAW goes off the air on Monday night until Saturday morning and WWF Mania, there is no other way to get the late-breaking beat of the World Wrestling Federation!

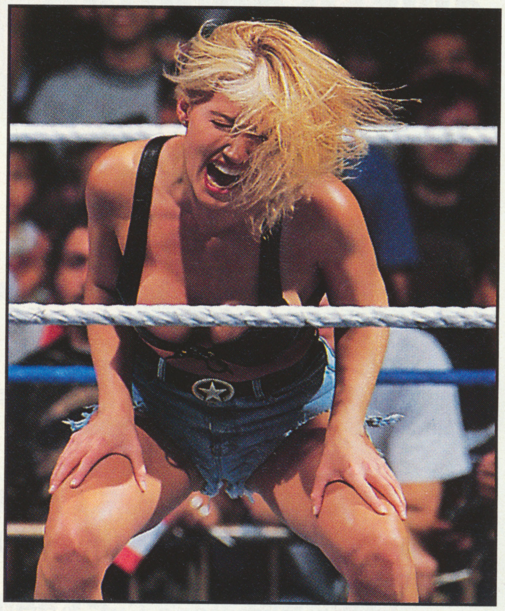
"The Ross Report is based on fact as opposed to other sources," Ross said. "Those other numbers oftentimes give people false information based on rumors. You never know what is true and what isn't with those other sources. None of those other hotlines can say they base their information on interaction with the Federation itself. I can get the information that most people don't have access to."

The beautiful part of the Ross Report? Ross is in no way censored by the Federation or its sometimes "overbearing" officials. If Ross feels obligated to chew the fat on an important issue, you can bet that you'll hear a mouthful from him! From new superstars on their way in, personal appearances, superstars in the dog house, etc.—Jim Ross can say WHATEVER he feels is necessary!

"We break stories that never even make it on TV," Ross said. "I've covered tremendous stories about injuries that fans never heard about on the screen. We deliver what we advertise, and that is an inside report on the Federation. Unlike other hotlines, my report gets to the point in seven minutes or less. I feel obligated to give the fans their money's worth."

Updated four to five times a week, the Ross Report is always kept fresh with new information. To hear the Ross Report on the Superstar Line, call 1-900-737-4WWF—$1.49 per minute! If you are under 18 years of age, you MUST get your parents' permission before dialing... or else Vader may come knocking on your door to inspect your knees!

Sunny gets RAW on Russo!



With a 10-page full-color bikini spread in the premiere issue of RAW Magazine back in May, you may have thought that everyone's favorite "Golden Cowgirl" was happy with her success in the pages of the World Wrestling Federation!

Think again there, CHIEF-O!

Dozens of Titan employees were astonished last week when quite a loud argument erupted from the Editor-in-Chief's office! From all the roaring coming from behind the door, one thing was absolutely clear... there was a new sheriff in town, and Sunny was her name! As the door opened and the manager of the Smoking Gunns stormed out, Titan employees found Vince Russo in the corner... covered in a pile of Sunny photos and soaked with soda. The first few faint words out of his mouth were very clear:

"Pick up these photos of Sunny, I think she wants another spread in the magazine... and while you're at it, SOMEBODY GET HER A STRAITJACKET!"

Recently, with all the attention Sable has been getting from our beloved Editor-in-Chief Vince Russo, Sunny has felt a little high and dry from all this! There hasn't been a bikini photo of her since the premiere issue... barely a tan line ANYWHERE in the magazine from Mr. Russo! Let's just say that "Ms. Happy Day Sunshine" put an end to that little scenario VERY quickly!

So, in accordance with the threats placed upon Russo's head by Sunny, the Golden Haired Fox will be appearing in the NEXT RAW Magazine in a photo spread as YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE! What does this mean? Well, let's just say that if Sunny doesn't leave you breathless in this issue, NOTHING WILL! She will truly get RAW!

more FREEBIES!

The first 2,500 cable or satellite customers who send in a copy of their cable bill showing purchase of September's In Your House will receive a World Wrestling Federation Action Figure with Bone Crunching Sounds! A copy of the bill must be received by November 30, 1996. The bill MUST show proof of purchase!

All bills should be sent to:
WWF September In Your House
P.O. Box 3857
Stamford, CT 06905

quote of the month

"I heard today that Princess Di's divorce is finalized! Maybe she's ready to graduate from a Prince and move up to a KING!"

—Jerry Lawler,
on a recent
Monday Night RAW

america online gets DIRECTED through the JUNGLE!

Talk about expanding into the Information Super Highway... Wildman Marc Mero and the "Golden Director" Marlena have joined the ranks of the World Wrestling Federation on America Online! Two NEW areas dedicated to these superstars have debuted on the Federation site, and both are looking to make some waves while cyber surfin' with their fans!

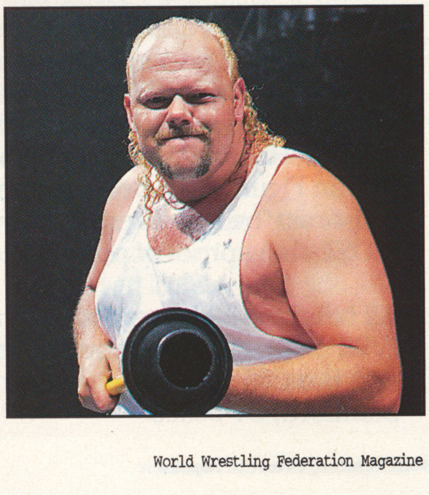
In the "Director's Cut" area found in the "Beyond the Pages" icon, Marlena truly gives all her online fans a chance to become an "extra" in many of her masterpieces. Enter the private world of the Golden Director—a realm filled with pictures of her most private moments. Also found in the area is Marlena's monthly column—the "Director's Cut". Goldust's manager critiques her peers in the Federation and on the Big Screen! And while you're in her "theatre", take a sneak peak at her message board... not only will you get a chance to speak with Marlena, but she may include you in the Director's Cut!

And whoever thought you could grow a jungle online! That's right folks... Marc Mero's new online site is up and running! At the Federation Online main menu, click on the "Superstar Stats" icon and Enter The Jungle! But a word of caution... once you enter this new jungle, you may not make it out alive! Mero has brought the "call of the wild" online with downloadable pictures of himself and Sable—at play and rest in nature! No stranger to the world of America Online, Marc Mero loves to cyber-chat with all his fans! And the most ferocious part of this online area? The Wildman's Diary! While on the road of the World Wrestling Federation, Marc Mero logs his everyday adventures with the lovely Sable! Where did the Wildman sleep? What movie did they go see? You can read all about it! If you have America Online, simply go to keyword: WWF, to check out all the great action!

top 5 reasons why

T. L. HOPPER LOVES TO PLUNGE TOILETS!

1. He is 1,734 flushes into proving whether "2,000 Flushes" REALLY lives up to its name!
2. After years of polishing the throne, T. L. is still trying to get the Tidy Bowl Man to invite him on his little blue yacht!
3. A career in Toilet Plunging allowed him to test his own secret scientific theory—why is there ALWAYS one piece that comes back?
4. Ever since he was a small child, T. L. is convinced blue toilet water tastes MUCH better than Raspberry- Flavored Mondo ANY day of the week!
5. Important date? Try Hopper's new perfume... "Eau de toilette", with REAL extract!



Faarooq On The Loose

Only two men have had their jerseys retired from the Florida State University football team—one is currently the most recognized football player in the NFL, the other is now a World Wrestling Federation superstar. The names of the back of those jerseys are "Deion Sanders" and "Ron Simmons". The recordbooks, the trophys in the case, the autograph book... they all bear the name of Simmons, the All-American from Florida State. But today, all that glory is a thing of the past—just memories to the man known as "Faarooq Asad"!

"That was my slave name," the man formerly known as Ron Simmons said. "I finally woke up to the realization that the Muslim religion was my calling... my place in this world. No longer will I be held down by other men. Ron Simmons was the name placed on me by other people long ago. Today I am my own man—I am Faarooq Asad!"

So far, Asad's path of destruction has claimed many who stood in his way—most notably, Ahmed Johnson! During RAW, the night after July's In Your House, Asad viciously attacked Johnson, rupturing his kidney and putting him out of action!

Sunny has a NEW man in the Federation... and Asad is no facade!

you don't say

Prior to entering the jungle in the World Wrestling Federation, Sable was a top model for "Guess" Jeans!

WWF WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION PAY•PER 1996 VIEW

September 22	**IN YOUR HOUSE** **Philadelphia, PA**
October 20	**IN YOUR HOUSE** **Indianapolis, IN**
November 17	**SURVIVOR SERIES** **MSG, New York City**
December 15	**IN YOUR HOUSE** **West Palm Beach, FL**

how to order pay-per-view

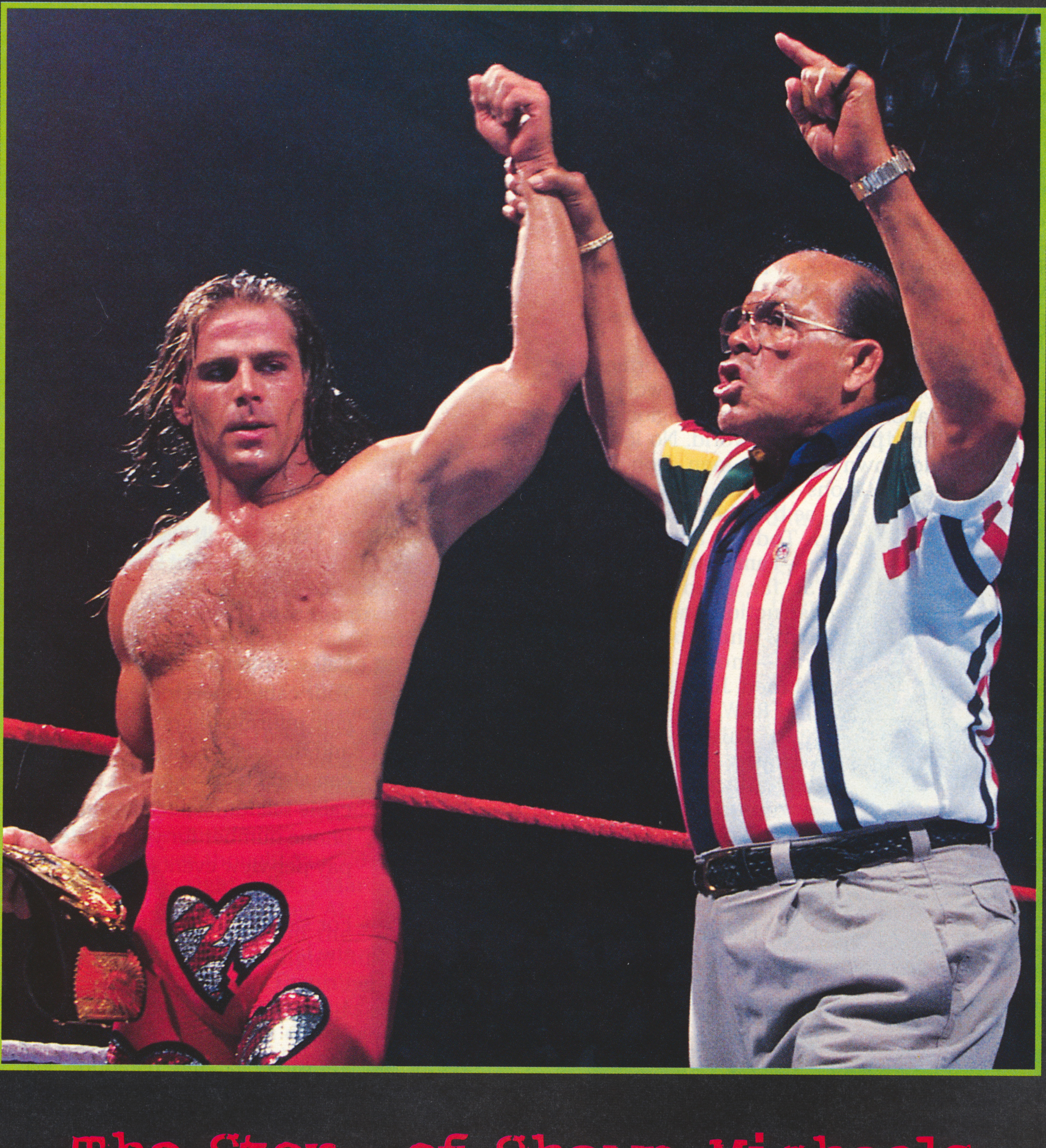
Call your local cable company. Your cable operator will have specific information on how to order and the cost of each event. You can also check your last month's cable bill for a special ordering phone number for your system's pay-per-view events.

For satellite dish reception, via the larger C-Band dishes, call:
Prime Time 24
1-800-989-7526

For direct satellite reception, via the smaller KU-Band dishes, call:
Direct TV
1-800-347-3288

1) All events are on Sunday at 7pm ET. 2) Replays for all In Your House events at 9pm ET. 3) Replays for all five other events are at 10pm ET. 4) Encores for all five other events are the Tuesday following the event. The times of the encores are 8pm and 11pm ET.

THE KID BENEATH HIS WINGS



The Story of Shawn Michaels and Jose Lothario

By Bill Banks

As "Super Sock" Jose Lothario looked up from his office desk on a hot summer day back in 1982, he saw two figures standing in his doorway. One of the men, obviously the elder, held his son by his side.

"My son Shawn wants to be a wrestler," the man said. "You are the best we know of...a legend, and we would like you to train him."

Jose took one look at the kid standing before him...couldn't have been more than 17 years old. A scrawny, short-haired ball of energy with a big smile on his face. He didn't know quite what to say, a silence echoed throughout the room for the next minute.

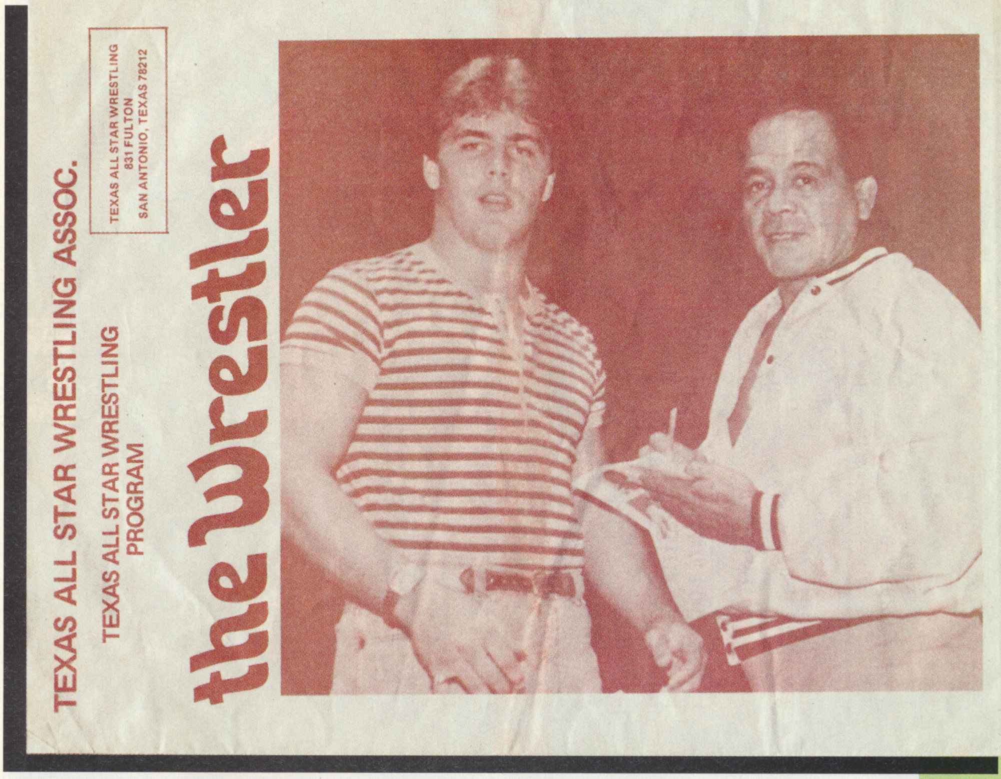
Pondering this, Lothario thought back a few years to the only other man he had ever trained—the late Gino Hernandez, a man who ultimately turned on Lothario and went down the wrong path in life. Could he take another youngster under his wing, only to risk seeing yet another turn on him?

"Mr. Lothario," the young kid said, breaking the silence, as he stepped forward to the legend's desk. "My name is Shawn Michaels and I would like you to teach me how to be a wrestler, sir."

After giving it some thought, Jose took the boy under his wing and trained him...working him countless hours in the gym, almost like a drill sergeant. You see, he wasn't about to go easy on this new kid just because he was doing a favor for his father—Michaels was about to go through the ringer with "Super Sock". Was this wide-eyed hopeful good enough or was he just a weekend warrior playing out a fantasy? That question was soon to be answered. After two months, Super Sock saw something in Shawn Michaels that he hadn't seen in Hernandez—there was a spark in the kid's eye.

"After that second month, I knew Shawn was going to go all the way," Lothario recalled. "He gave it his all in that gym, no matter if it was against me or another opponent. I thought to myself, 'This kid is gonna make it'! He had the desire in his heart to be someone."

Looking back on those first few months, Shawn Michaels remembers them vividly, as if they happened yesterday. You see, it wasn't as if the Heartbreak Kid had simply just found someone who knew wrestling...Shawn Michaels was given the opportunity to train under the man who he watched wrestle every Saturday morning on his television in the Lone Star state.



"I think every young boy who lived in Texas knew who Jose Lothario was," Michaels said. "I first saw him on TV when I was 12, he was the first superstar to come across my screen. He is a legend in San Antonio, Cuba, Mexico...just about everywhere! The first day I met him in that office, I guess he saw something special in me."

Lothario continued to mold the youngster into a fine wrestler. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months and so on. In and out of the ring, Jose was there to guide Shawn in his first few matches after he turned professional. Before each event, the mentor would sit down with Shawn in the locker room, doors closed. There he would go over with his young protege what to look for from his opponents...the strengths and weaknesses of each obstacle he was about to face. After the match, whether win or loss, the same process would take place—Shawn sitting in a chair, listening to the man who trained him. But the one thing that Jose drilled into Shawn's head was that he shouldn't underestimate any man because, as Lothario put it, "There is always someone out there who can beat you." Michaels discovered from Jose that in EVERY match he was learning something new from his opponents.

Finally, the day came when Jose Lothario decided it was time to set this young kid out on his own. Jose remembered his days as a wrestler, and how he had never gotten a chance to make it "up north" as he would call it...the World Wrestling Federation. Shawn and Marty Jannetty were "getting their feet wet" in the AWA (American Wrestling Association) at the time and opportunity started to knock for the tag team. Lothario very much wanted this for his pupil, so he gave Shawn a pat on the back, a hug and sent him to New York to try out for the "Big Time". In every sense of the phrase, Jose Lothario loved Shawn like a son and if you love something, you set it free.

As the months passed, Jose—now retired and living in San Antonio—would sometimes go into his living room and watch Shawn on television Saturday mornings. Marty Jannetty and Shawn Michaels were lighting up the ring in the World Wrestling Federation while Jose looked on from his home. Even though he was travelling

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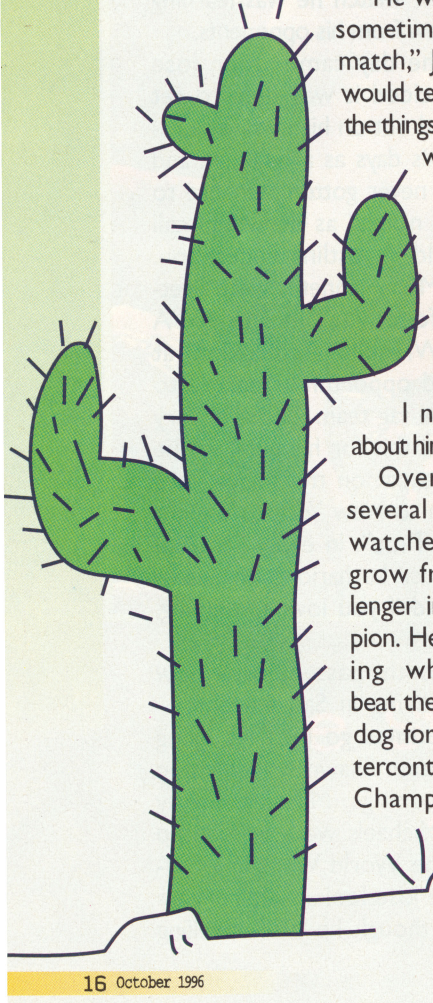
Michaels never forgot the man who treated him like a son all those years.



"He would call me sometimes after a match," Jose said. "I would tell him about the things I saw that he wasn't doing right, and I would tell him how to correct it. We kept in touch from time to time. I never forgot about him."

Over the next several years, Jose watched Shawn grow from a challenger into a champion. He was watching when Shawn beat the British Bulldog for his first Intercontinental Title Championship on *Saturday Night's Main Event* in 1992. He was also tuned in for the other Intercontinental Title reigns and on the occasion he won the Federation tag team gold. Throughout every championship match—win or loss—Super Sock was watching, jumping up and down on the couch with excitement or crying in pain for the Heartbreak Kid.

Then one day in January 1996, Jose's phone rang. As Jose picked it up and said "Hello", a few short words came from the other end of the receiver. It was none other than Shawn Michaels.

"I listened on the phone and all I heard him say was, 'Jose, they're going to give me a shot at the Federation Championship at *WrestleMania XII*. Can you train me?' I thought for a few seconds and then told him, 'Of course I will, you know I'm here for you.'"

Federation officials had finally given Shawn Michaels the shot he had long been waiting for. After winning the 1996 *Royal Rumble*, Shawn was announced as the No.1 contender for the Federation Title...the belt that was around Bret Hart's waist at the time. Then interim president Roddy Piper declared that this match between the two at the annual extravaganza would be an Iron Man Match—60 minutes of pure action...and there HAD to be a winner.

"I went back to San Antonio and trained with Jose for two months," Shawn said. "I was worried that I wouldn't be able to go the full 60 minutes...that Bret would ultimately get to me. Jose looked me right in the eyes and said, 'You're going to beat him and I'll train you to last for two hours if I have to!'"

March 31, 1996, is a day Shawn Michaels will NEVER forget. Shawn put on his ring attire and was getting ready to go to the ring, but butterflies soon started in his stomach and for good reason! Sixteen thousand screaming fans and millions of Pay-Per-View buyers were tuned in to see the main event between Michaels and Hart—for the Federation Title. This was the dream that Shawn had lived since the age of 12 and tonight was the night that he would either realize it or fail. Jose took Shawn, grabbed his shaking hands and said to him, "You have to do this for your fans...and I'm confident you will."

After those words of encouragement, Shawn Michaels went out and outlasted Bret Hart for over 60 minutes to become the new Federation Champion. The dream had been realized...and it was something very special to have Jose there to experience it for the new champion.

"He always believed I would win the title that night," Shawn said. "Winning that title was just a little something I did to repay him for all that he did for me. I could never fully pay him back for everything...for the trust he put in me and for the trust my family put in him. He opened all the doors for the HBK."

Immediately following his win at *WrestleMania XII*, Shawn was forced to deal with the challenge of Camp Cornette. The British Bulldog, the man Shawn had first defeated for the Intercontinental Title, was back in the title picture. Only this time, Shawn was wearing the gold that the Bulldog was after. Through all the attacks and all the intense situations Jose remained by Shawn's side.

After finally defeating the Bulldog at June's *King of the Ring*, Jose and Shawn continued to be enraged by the actions of Camp Cornette, most prominently by Cornette himself and the man they call Vader. At the July *In Your House* on the *Free-For-All*, Cornette and Lothario had a face-to-face confrontation after Cornette berated the Federation Champion—something to which Super Sock took MUCH exception!

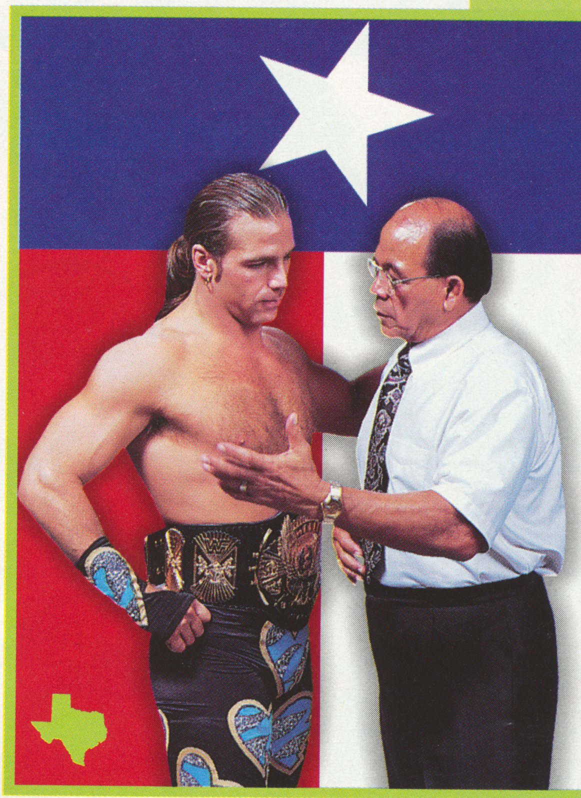
Later on in the night Shawn was pinned in a six-man tag team match by Vader himself...something Lothario was unable to do anything about. While getting ready to play Sweet Chin Music on Vader, Cornette grabbed Shawn's foot—giving the Mastodon just enough time to recuperate and strike. Lothario got there seconds too late and Shawn was easy prey for the pin.

Now the table is set for two of the most highly anticipated matches to take place at September's *In Your House*. It will be the mentor and the student in two separate matches—while the champion tackles the deranged fiend Mankind, Lothario will attempt to settle the score with Jim Cornette! Even though Jose may be in his late sixties, true to his word, he is going to teach Cornette a lesson in respect.

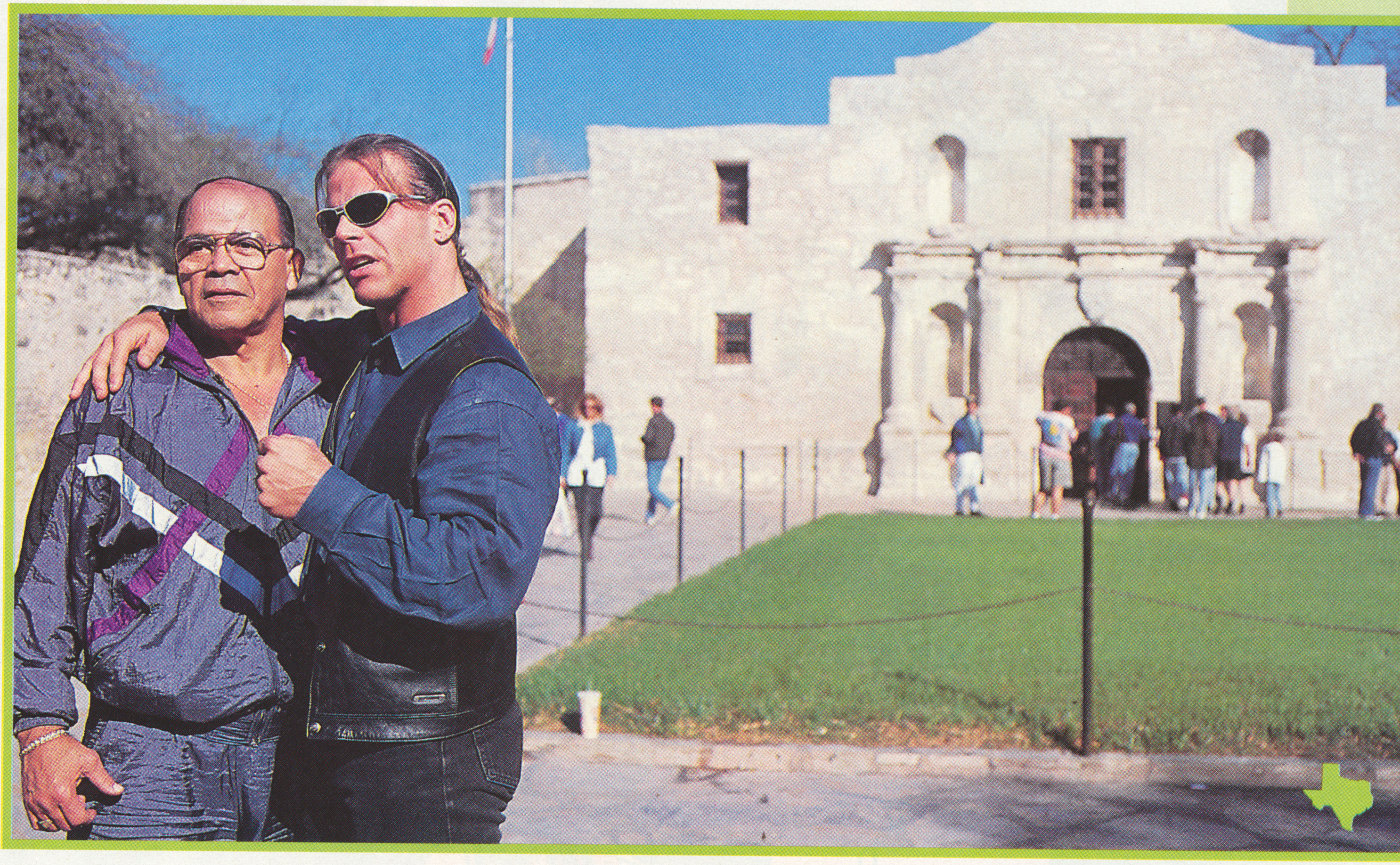
"I think I still have one or two 'Super Socks' still left in me," Jose said. "I told Jim Cornette that if he kept messing with me and Shawn, I was gonna make him pay! I'm not nervous, because I know I can whip that dirty rat! And as far as Mankind, with everything I have taught Shawn, he's gonna put that nutcase down for the count!"

"To let him ride with me on my career is something that I will always hold very special to my heart," Michaels said. "Cornette is going to find out that he messed with the wrong man at *In Your House*! And Mankind? Jackson, the only melody you're going to be hearing is the sound of that Sweet Chin Music!"

The road that lies ahead for Shawn and Jose will continue beyond *In Your House*—no matter what the outcome of their respective matches against Mankind and Cornette. Two men—one a champion, one a mentor—have matured over 15 years to get to this point in their lives. On any given night, after any match, no matter how much applause Shawn gets or how many autographs he signs, he still finds the time to sit behind closed doors with Jose—listening intently to his teacher as if he was a 17-year-old kid again.



As the saying goes: "The more things change, the more they stay the same."



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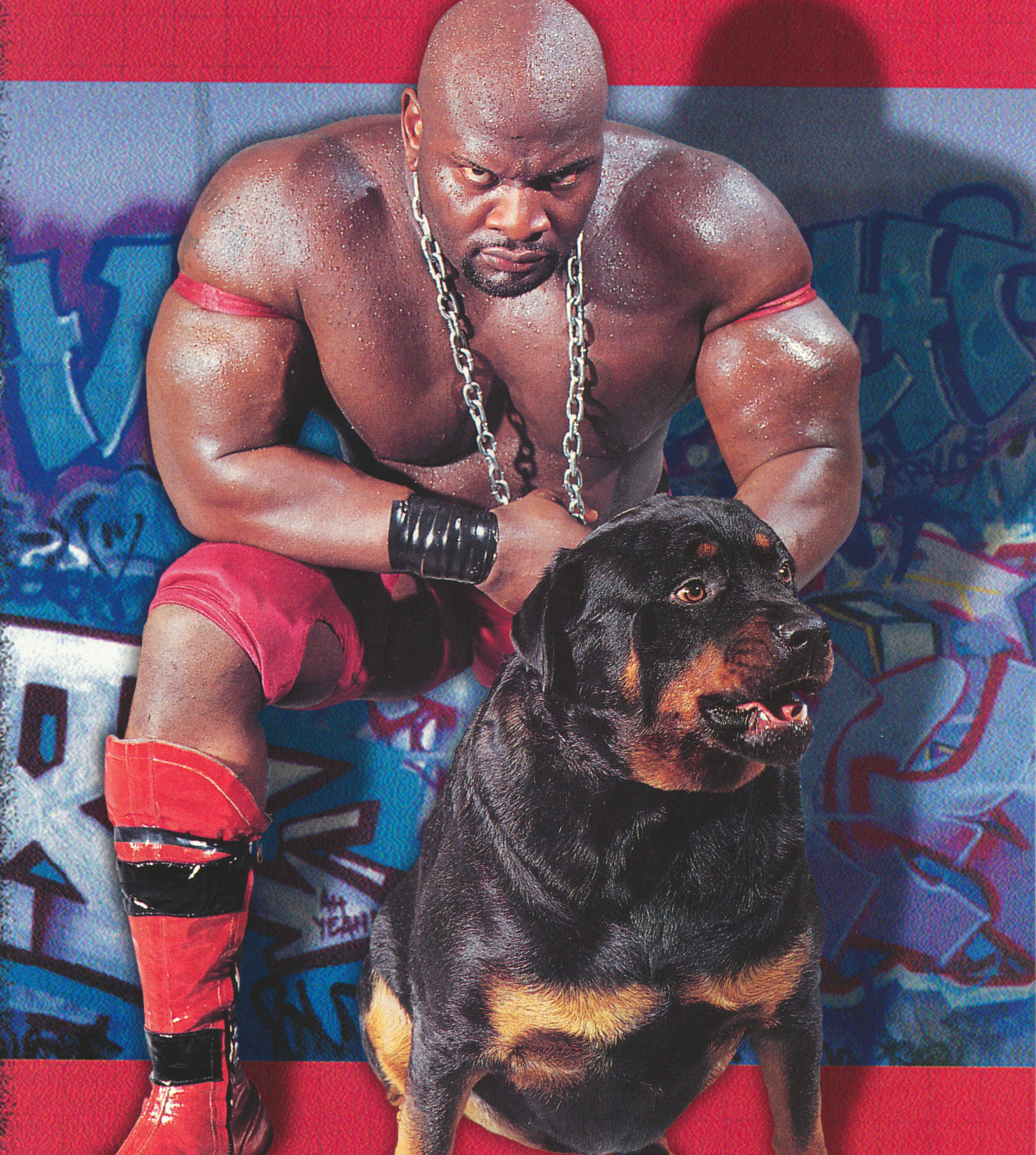
BENEATH THE SKIN/AHMED JOHNSON

An Interview Conducted By Vince Russo

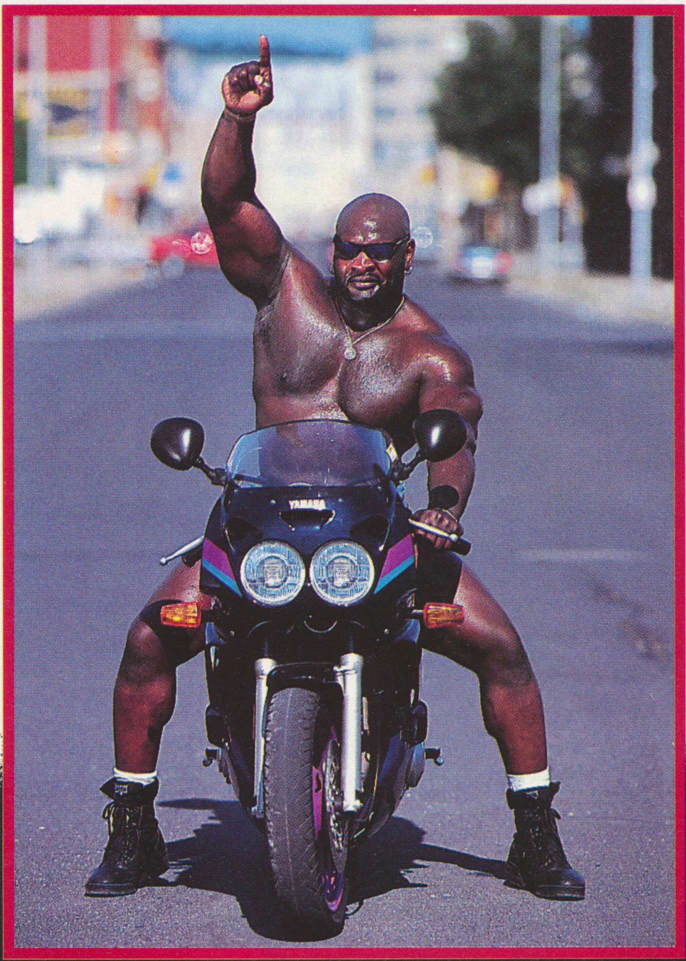


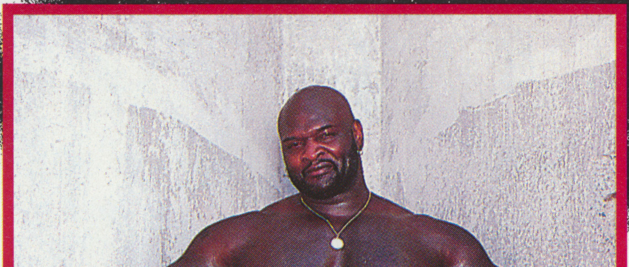
It was a storybook ending for the proud man from Pearl River, Mississippi. That noble summer's night in Milwaukee, he stood taller than any man ever could, raising high to the rafters what he now referred to as the "People's Belt".

Ahmed Johnson had reached the pinnacle of his life. However, at that moment, rather than focus on his victory, he reflected on how thankful he was for life itself...thankful that, throughout the torture and torment of a horrifying childhood, he had somehow managed to survive.

I want to stop right here and make one thing perfectly clear. This is not the *National Enquirer* and what you are about to read wasn't "designed" to sell magazines. For the first time, Ahmed Johnson has decided to tell his story with the hope of maybe saving one life. Perhaps one innocent young life.

This story isn't pretty, and it certainly doesn't represent the "fame and glory" of being a World Wrestling Federation superstar. But what it does represent is "reality"— a reality that is being lived every day by millions of children throughout the world.





Whether you are aged 15 or 65, you will want to read the following interview. And, if you are a parent...you will never forget it. I apologize for the graphic details, but again...this was Ahmed Johnson's life. This was his living hell.

EDITOR: There's only one place to start, Ahmed, and that's at the beginning. Where were you born?

AHMED: I was born in Kokomo, Indiana.

EDITOR: Can you tell us a little bit about your upbringing.

AHMED: Well, my dad wasn't around, so my mama raised eight of us—five boys and three girls. She worked two or three jobs at a time and did what she had to do in order for us to get by.

EDITOR: What kind of jobs did your mother work?

AHMED: Mostly waitressing jobs.

EDITOR: Now, you say that your dad wasn't around. Was he ever a part of the family?

AHMED: No, not at all.

EDITOR: Did you know him at all?

AHMED: No—not until later years.

EDITOR: As a child, did you understand why your father wasn't a part of your life?

AHMED: At that time, Vince, there wasn't much to understand. It was all about survival and you really didn't have time to think about your father or anybody else. Survival is what it was all about.

EDITOR: Did you even know who he was?

AHMED: Yeah, we knew who he was. We used to see him every week on TV playing football for the Kansas City Chiefs. He was playing football on TV and we were sitting home starving.

EDITOR: So your father's absence was his choice?

AHMED: Yes.

EDITOR: What kind of effect did that have on you growing up?

AHMED: It changed my life considerably. It made me very shy and temperamental.

I don't even know if it was necessarily the fact that he wasn't there that did it all…it's just some of the events happened in our lives before he was there and then when he came back. Some of the events still have me a little disturbed mentally…and emotionally.

EDITOR: Ahmed, let's switch gears here for a second and talk about your education. With the turmoil that was going on within your family at the time, how did it affect your schooling?

AHMED: I finished high school and went on to college on a football scholarship. I attended college in Tennessee.

EDITOR: That must have been difficult for you. With all that was going on in your life, how did you stay focused on your education?

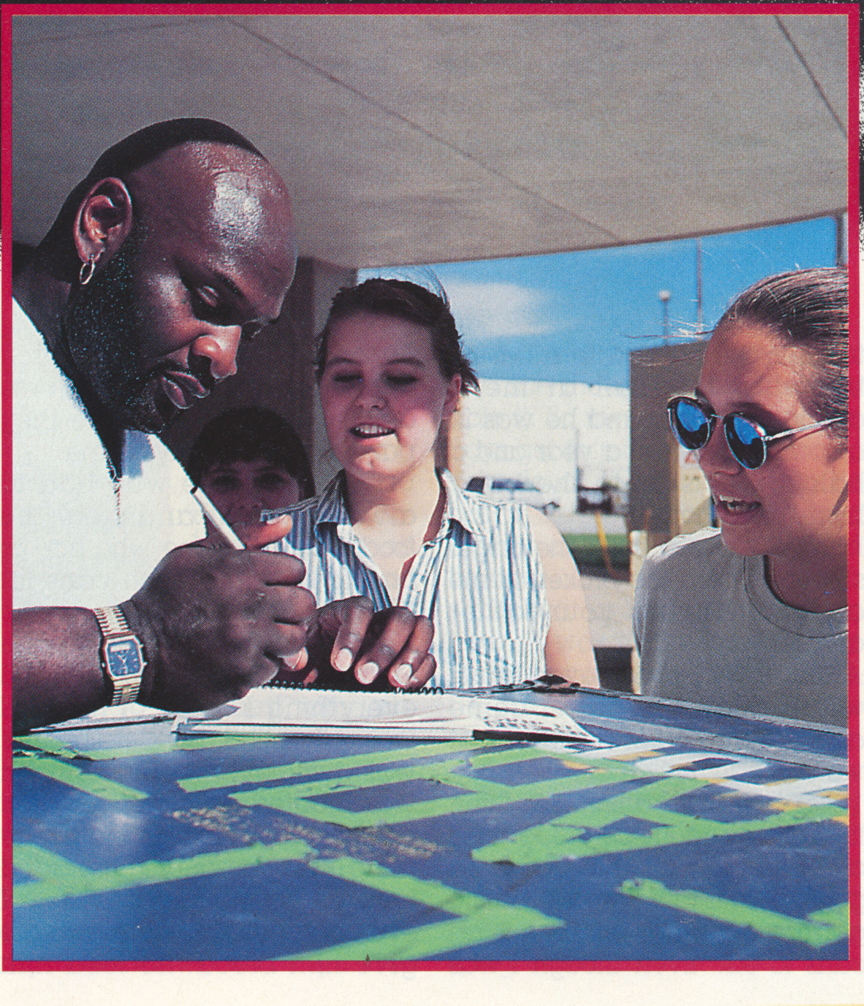
AHMED: It was very difficult. I ran away from home when I was 13 years old, and I haven't been back since.

The first thing I did when I ran away was to join a gang. I joined the Bloods. They took care of me. Back then, the Bloods and the Disciples were two gangs that were bonded, so we kind of raised ourselves. From there, we did what we had to do to basically survive.

EDITOR: What do you mean by doing what you "had to do"?

AHMED: Basically, if we had to jack somebody, we jacked them. If we had to steal, we stole. If we had to prove our point to other gangs, we went and proved our point to other gangs. Whatever we had to do—we did.

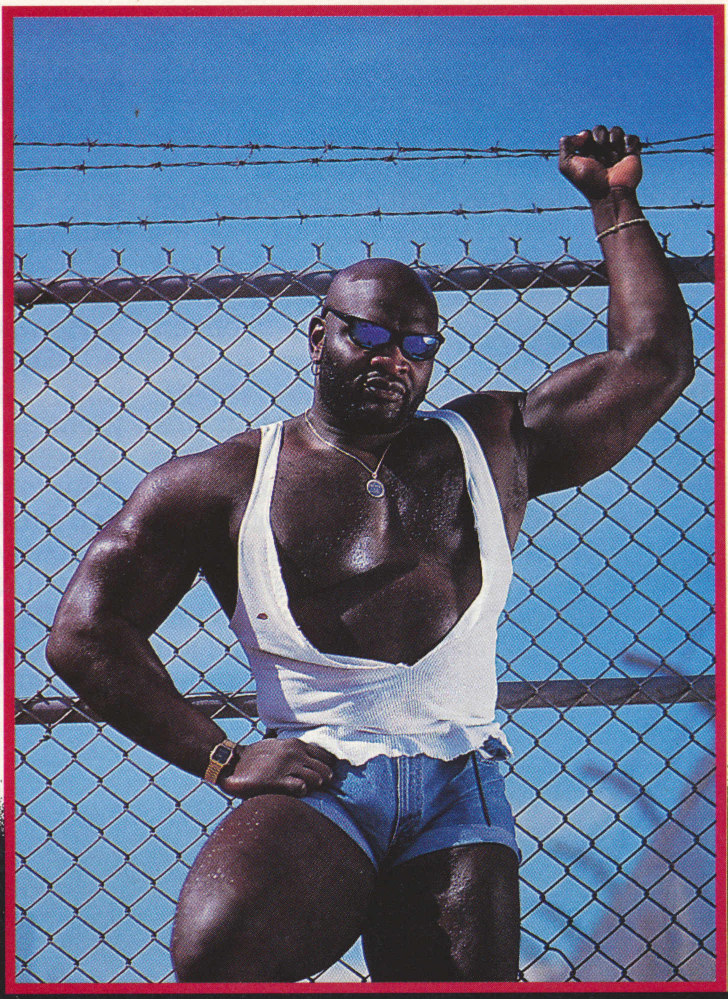
EDITOR: Yet living life in the streets, you were still able to maintain your education?



AHMED: Yes. But I did get kicked out of school and sent to a boys' home. I stayed there for almost four years.

The reason I was put in the boys' home was because my temper was real bad. I got in a lot of fights and I did a lot of things I shouldn't have done.

Once I stabbed my PE coach because he paddled me. And then during a softball game, I hit the pitcher of the opposing team in the head with a bat for throwing the ball at me. I crushed his skull and he was in a coma for almost a year and a half. I was sent to the boys' home after that.



EDITOR: Do you think the anger stemmed from the broken home and not having your father around?

AHMED: We haven't even hit on what made the anger come about. If you want to hit on that we can.

Let's go back a little bit. Even though my mother tried to raise all of us the best she could, we got to the point where we had to go through other people's trash cans to eat. Even though I was the middle kid, for some reason my family always looked at me as the leader. It was like they put the responsibility on me.

I was the one who had to always go out and steal the food. I was the one who had to find food in the trash cans for them to eat.

I mean...I had to sit there and watch my little brother die. I did everything I could...I mean, I was only a kid. My little brother was dying on me. His stomach was bloated from sugar water. You could see his ribs and everything. He was only three...and he was sitting there dying. I even cut my own wrists to try to give him blood...to feed him blood because I saw it on TV once. I even spit in his mouth. I just did everything that I thought I could.

It got to where he had hit the point of starvation and couldn't even eat anymore...so I watched my little brother die in my arms.

That's why when my mother passed years later—and I loved her dearly—I felt some anger toward her, too.

You see, it got to the point when I was about eight or nine that my father came back. After he made all this money and blew it, he came back. He didn't have a penny in his pocket.

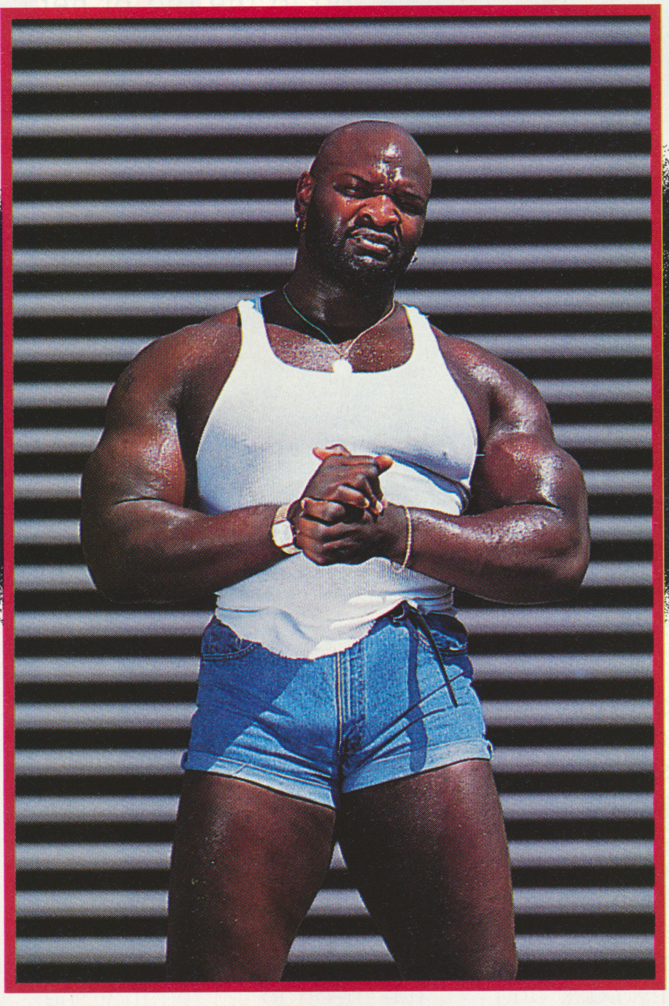
When he came back he was very abusive to me. He targeted me because I was the leader of the family and, for some reason, he wanted that stopped. It turned into some sort of a rivalry from that point.

There are just so many instances...as a kid I came close to dying three times. He didn't allow us to touch any of "his" food. We'd be starving...his own kids...and he wouldn't allow us to touch "his" food that "he" brought in the house.

There was one time when my brothers were starving, and I took a chance and went into the refrigerator. I got out some of "his" hot dogs and started boiling them for my brothers to eat.

Well, just then, my father came home—high and drunk—and asked me if I thought I was tough. I wouldn't answer him. He then dragged me into my room, tied me down and poured the boiling water from the hot dogs onto my stomach.

I was in the hospital for about six months. I was burnt so bad that the meat on my stomach started bubbling up. I remember him putting me in a tub of cold water because I was passing out from the pain. The meat from my stomach was peeling off. I could see it floating in the water. You could see the white meat in my stomach and blood was coming out of it.



They didn't take me to the hospital for almost a week. Until then, I had to live with the pain. They took me out of school and I stayed home in bed for a week. He used to come in and rub a whole jar of Vaseline on my stomach, thinking it would stop the pain. He'd go in the kitchen and get butter and rub that on my stomach, thinking it would ease the pain. And, that was only one incident.

EDITOR: Did anyone else know that this kind of torture was going on inside your home?

AHMED: We told our teachers, but nobody would intervene. Everybody was scared of my dad. He belonged to a motorcycle gang called the Road Knights, and nobody messed with the Road Knights. EVER. NOBODY.

EDITOR: What about your mother?

AHMED: To be honest with you, Vince, it was "stupid love" to me. I don't care what your situation is, you don't let anybody beat up your kids.

I mean, the story just gets worse. I can remember one time when something happened to my little brother, and my father blamed me because he said I was the one who was supposed to be baby-sitting him, when I really wasn't.

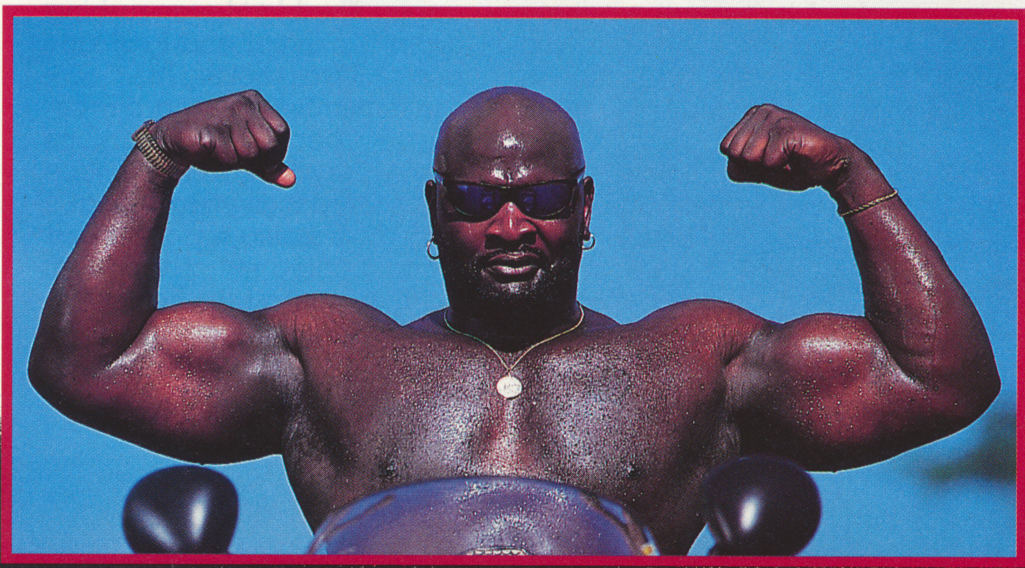
At the time, we had a toy pool table with wooden sticks, and I remember him taking the stick and hitting me in the throat with it...he crushed my Adam's apple. The blood was rushing down my throat and I couldn't stop it...it was choking me.

I remember passing out because when the paramedics came, they took this long tube and shoved it down my throat. I remember seeing my own blood come running out of this tube. But that was just the beginning. The worst was yet to come.

My sister had a piggy bank, and she thought that somebody stole it. So my dad made all the boys get together in a room and strip down to nothing. Then he got an extension cord—two, as a matter of fact—and he started beating us.

He beat us bad...for almost an hour. It was to the point where there was actually blood and little chunks of our skin on the walls. It looked like a slaughterhouse. It was ridiculous.

I can remember that my brothers couldn't even get up. He had to pull us up. We couldn't even walk because he beat us so much. It was something worse than slavery.



It just got to the point where I couldn't take it any more. So I told my brother to tell my father that I did it. I DIDN'T do it, but I told him to tell him that I did it.

That's when the !@#$ hit the fan. My dad became enraged. He said, "You mean to tell me that you sat here and saw your brothers get a beating when you were the one who took it all along?!"

From there, all I can remember is him taking our bunk beds and flipping them on top of me so I couldn't move. I couldn't run. All that was sticking out was my upper torso—my lower body was stuck under the bed. From there, he put his foot on my head... and he beat me until I passed out. Straight out.

He was beating me and beating me and I couldn't budge. He had the bed on top of me and his foot on my head, and he beat me from the top of my head all the way down my back. My back was almost gone. I remember waking up...once again I was in a tub full of water. The water was a sea of blood...nothing but blood.

I kept going out...and coming to...and going out...and coming to. He just kept putting ice in the water. Then I remember him putting me in bed and it was so bad I could hardly talk or anything.

Then my mom came in during the night and she rolled me over to change the sheets because the smell from the blood clots got so bad. You could hardly even stand it in the house. She would come in like two or three times a night. I remember the sheets sticking to my back and her trying to pull the sheets off me.

EDITOR: Did they take you to the hospital?

AHMED: No.

EDITOR: What did your mother do during all this? Where was she?

AHMED: She was there. That's what I'm telling you. That's why when my mother passed, I couldn't even cry at her funeral.

Don't get me wrong—I loved her. And I think I love her even more now that she's gone, but at the funeral everyone cried but me...I couldn't cry...I couldn't shed a tear.

Sometimes I scare myself, because sometimes I think I really need to cry. I can't tell you when the last time I cried was.

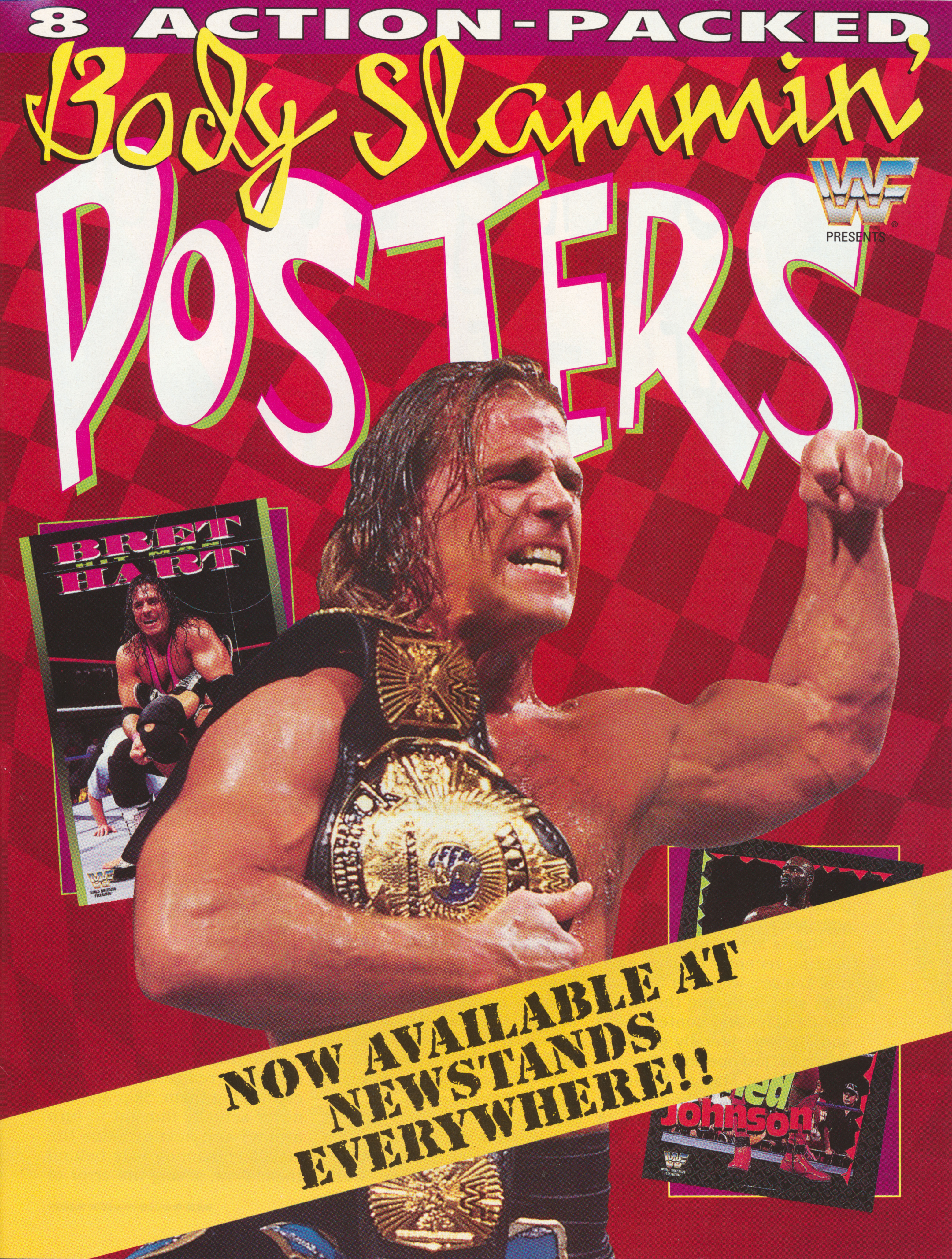
EDITOR: Is it possible that maybe she didn't go to the aid of her children because she was in fear for her own life?

AHMED: Vince, I don't care. To me that is an excuse.

You can't tell me that there was nothing she could have done. She couldn't take me to the hospital? I was dying. I might have had gangrene growing on my back from the beatings.

You mean to tell me that she couldn't have taken me to the hospital and said my husband did this and I want him arrested? That's BS. She had people in Florida, she had people in Indiana, she had people everywhere. She could have moved us somewhere else.

(Next month in Beneath the Skin Part II, this shocking story continues.)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Working It Out With The Fans...

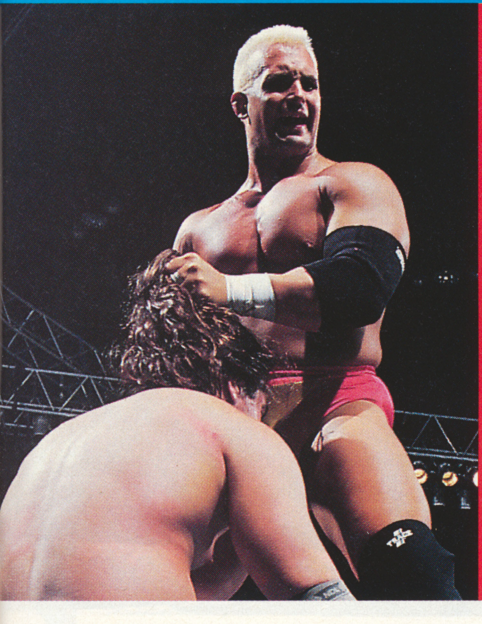
The Body Donnas See The Light

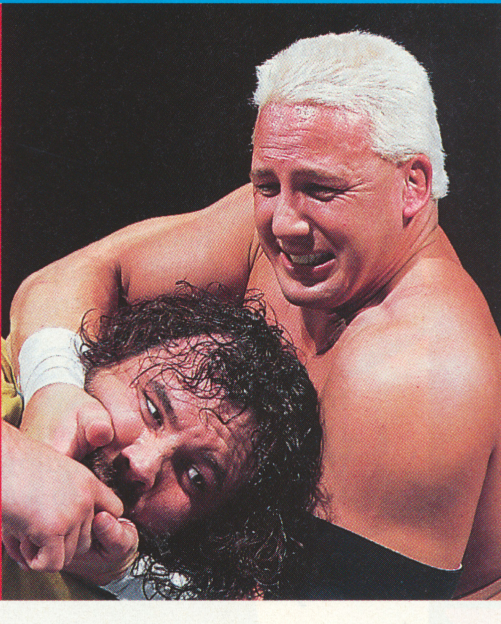
By Bill Banks

Skip and Zip's mailman is looking more muscular the past few weeks. Once a featherweight 145 pounds, Mr. Mail Carrier looks more like an honorary Body Donna, thanks in part to the mass of mail he recently carried each day! You see, with over 5,000 entries sent in during the "Body Donna Manager" contest, Skip and Zip were literally getting a "workout" just opening letters!

Since last May at Madison Square Garden when Sunny dumped them, the two workout gurus had been looking for a new manager. Feeling that their chance to re-claim the Federation gold may have been slipping through their fingers, the Body Donnas knew that in order to do so, they were going to have to find a manager to counteract the shenanigans of Sunny, who was now on the opposing team. Sure, Sunny took care of getting the matches and bending officials to her will, but when it came down to crunch-time, little Ms. "Me-Me-Me" seemed more preoccupied with posing for photo spreads than helping her men.

Soon after Skip and Zip lost the World Wrestling Federation Tag Team Belts, Sunny decided she would explore her "western" taste in men. You could say that this Golden Haired Fox left her former tag team alone in the gym while she found a new "home on the range"! Seeing no manager in the ranks who could handle their managerial duties, the Body Donnas looked somewhere they were unaccustomed to—the fans of the World Wrestling Federation! Apparently up until the point that they realized Sunny was controlling them, Skip and Zip never actually thought to turn around and acknowledge the 10,000 screaming fans behind them! Now, seeing the error of





their ways, Skip and Zip put the fate of their future in the hands of every man, woman, child, mineral and vegetable who is a fan of the Federation. The "Search for the Body Donna Manager" contest was born!

Day and night they opened requests—countless hours spent putting band-aids on paper cuts and sipping Sanka (with no cream of course!). Finally, at 2:15 one Sunday morning, Zip opened the final letter and the Body Donnas found who they had been looking for all along. This woman didn't need mascara or make-up to come out to the ring... she needed a tattoo and a cold frothy one! Who was this lucky fan you ask? Well, of course, the one, the only—Kloudi! A "well-built" blonde who was indeed more of a woman than they had ever expected!

With her appearance at the Free-For-All at the *King of the Ring*, Kloudi certainly turned some heads with a feminine grace that would put Princess Diana to shame. Long, firm legs, beautiful blonde hair... and very, VERY athletic frame! Kloudi didn't have much trouble getting numerous second looks from the male spectators in the audience that night... or female spectators for that matter. And, as Leif Cassidy would soon find out, Sunny wasn't the only female manager who could kiss with authority! After planting a nice big wet one on the Rocker, Kloudi assured her men the victory at the *King of the Ring*!

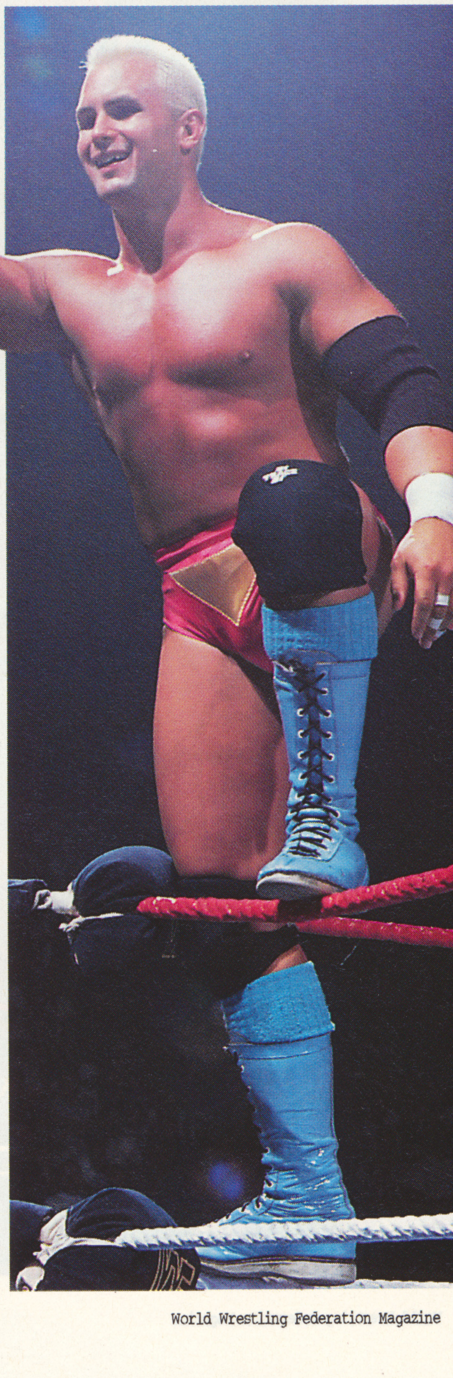
But after their victory over the "New" Rockers at the *King of the Ring*, Kloudi disappeared as quickly as she had arrived! Why was this so? Simple... Skip and Zip learned a valuable lesson from Kloudi that would last them forever! She instilled in them the understanding that they would be able to succeed on their own... without her. All they had to remember was that they now had thousands in the "Body Donna Brigade" following them to every arena!

"We want to thank all the fans from the bottoms of our hearts for entering the contest," said Zip. "Sunny was a very self-centered person... if it didn't revolve around her, she didn't want to discuss it. That's why we chose Kloudi in the first place... we wanted to teach Sunny a lesson she would NEVER forget! Kloudi helped us realize that with the fans we COULD do it on our own—and we will!"

"I never realized how good it felt to give a high-five to a fan before," said Skip. "When we walk out of the locker room now, it's like we have something new to look forward to. Many of the wrestlers used to tell us that the fans didn't matter... but let me tell you, we can feel them rooting for us now when we are in the ring! Don't ever let anyone tell you anything different!"

So where will the future of these "Blond Bombers" lead? Without the "Body Donna Manager Search", one can only imagine where these two men would be. Wallowing in guilt and pain? Sitting in their house watching the paint peel from their Solo-Flex? Probably—but these two superstars decided to do something about it! It's only a matter of time before Skip and Zip get back to the top of the Federation. All they need to do now is get their mailman to a chiropractor!

"I never realized how good it felt to give a high-five to a fan before," said Skip.



PERSONALITY PROFILE

Favorite Band:

ZIP: Aerosmith! I still jam to *Dude Looks Like A Lady* now and then!

SKIP: KISS! Any Body Donna fan who grew up in the '70s LOVES Kiss!

Biggest Thrill In Life:

ZIP: The birth of my daughter Stephanie and winning the Federation gold with Skip!

SKIP: Winning the finals of the Tag Team Tournament at the *WrestleMania XII* Free-For-All!

Person You Would Most Like To Meet:

SKIP: Frank Gotch (first National Wrestling Alliance World Heavyweight Champion)

ZIP: Steven Tyler of Aerosmith

Favorite Sport (Besides Wrestling):

ZIP: Karate! What better way to keep in shape?

SKIP: I don't have another favorite sport! All I know is wrestling!

Favorite Food:

SKIP: A great BIG steak and some steamed vegetables!

ZIP: Steak and lobster! The breakfast of champions for the Body Donnas!

If I Could Have Done It Differently:

ZIP: I would have told Skip a lot sooner that Sunny was nothing but a no-good witch dressed in white!

SKIP: I would have kept my mouth shut on various occasions and gone about my own business.

Best Advice Ever Received:

SKIP: Whether it's in front of 10 people or 10,000 people, work your hardest!

ZIP: When a woman tells you something, don't trust her! Check it out yourself!

Favorite Movie:

ZIP: *Casino*

SKIP: *I Like To Hurt People!* It's the life story of the Body Donnas!

Favorite Actor:

SKIP: Joe Pesci

ZIP: Robert DeNiro

Hobbies:

SKIP: Weightlifting and watching wrestling!

ZIP: Working out with Skip and listening to rock 'n' roll!

Favorite Fast Food:

ZIP: I don't eat fast food! I'm a BODY DONNA!!

SKIP: Us eating fast food? YEAH... RIGHT!

Favorite Athlete:

SKIP: Terry Funk

ZIP: Bill Grey (Karate Master)

Favorite Actress:

SKIP: Sandra Bullock

ZIP: Sharon Stone

Secret Talent:

ZIP: I can sing my blond butt off! Pavarotti ain't got nothin' on me!

SKIP: I can bleach my own hair! It's the trademark of a TRUE Body Donna!

Favorite Cartoon Character:

SKIP: A tie between the Road Runner and the Wile E. Coyote!

ZIP: Bugs Bunny

Favorite Television Show:

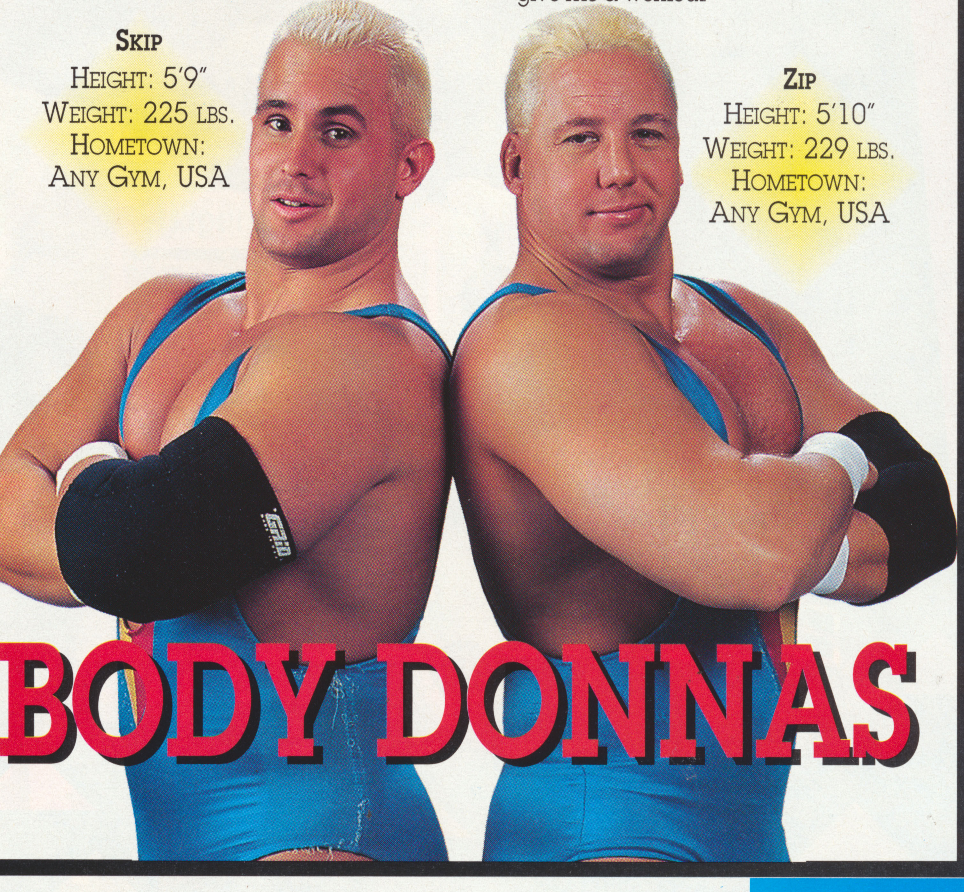
ZIP: *Dennis Miller Live*

SKIP: *All In The Family*

Favorite Video Game:

SKIP: I always stunk at video games! They never challenged me physically!

ZIP: Galaga! Those old Atari games still give me a workout!



Skip
Height: 5'9"
Weight: 225 lbs.
Hometown:
Any Gym, USA

Zip
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 229 lbs.
Hometown:
Any Gym, USA

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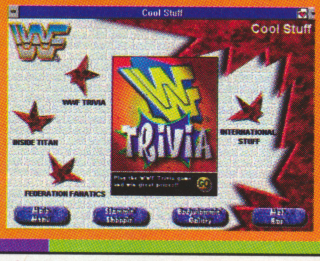
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Cool Stuff
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INSIDE TITAN
INTERNATIONAL STUFF
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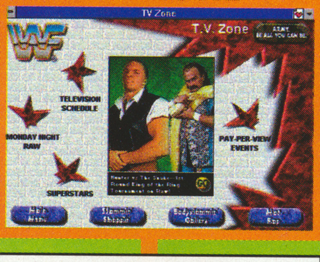
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T.V. Zone
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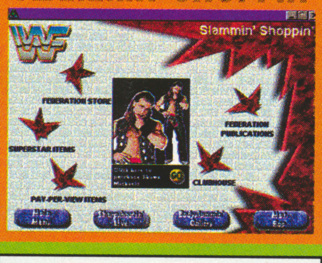
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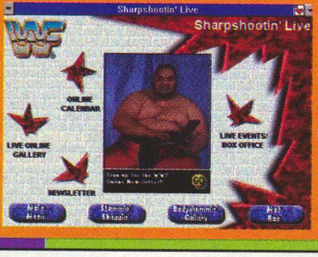
Sharpshootin' Live
Sharpshootin' Live
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LIVE ONLINE GALLERY
LIVE EVENTS/ BOX OFFICE
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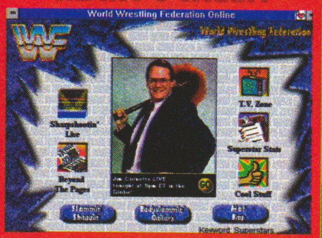
main screen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World Wrestling Federation
Sharpshootin' Live
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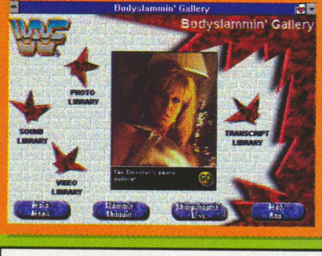
T.V. Zone
Superstar Stats
Cool Stuff
Slammin' Shoppin
Bodyslammin' Gallery
Mat Rap
Keyword: Superstars

From the main screen you can access any of these great features that the Federation site has to offer!

bodyslammin' gallery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Bodyslammin' Gallery
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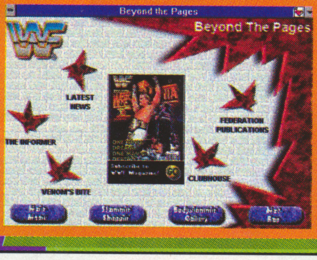
Beyond the Pages
Beyond The Pages
LATEST NEWS
THE INFORMER
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VENOM'S BITE
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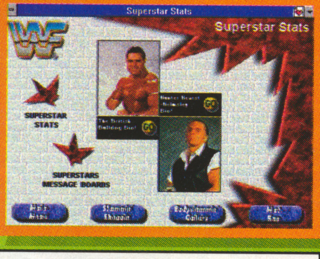
An inside look at the latest issue of World Wrestling Federation Magazine and RAW Magazine—before they come out!

superstar stats


Superstar Stats
Superstar Stats
SUPERSTAR STATS
SUPERSTARS MESSAGE BOARDS
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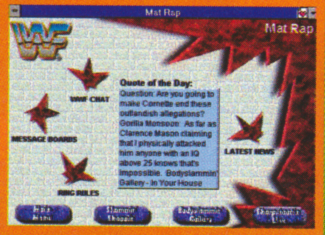
Mat Rap

Complete bios, pictures and statistics of all the great World Wrestling Federation superstars.

mat rap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Mat Rap
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Quote of the Day:
Question: Are you going to make Cornette end these outlandish allegations? Gorilla Monsoon: As far as Clarence Mason claiming that I physically attacked him anyone with an IQ above 25 knows that's impossible. Bodyslammin' Gallery - In Your House

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22 **IN YOUR HOUSE**	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

OCTOBER 1996

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2 YOKOZUNA'S BIRTHDAY	3	4	5 MARLENA'S BIRTHDAY
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16 ALDO MONTOYA'S BIRTHDAY	17	18	19
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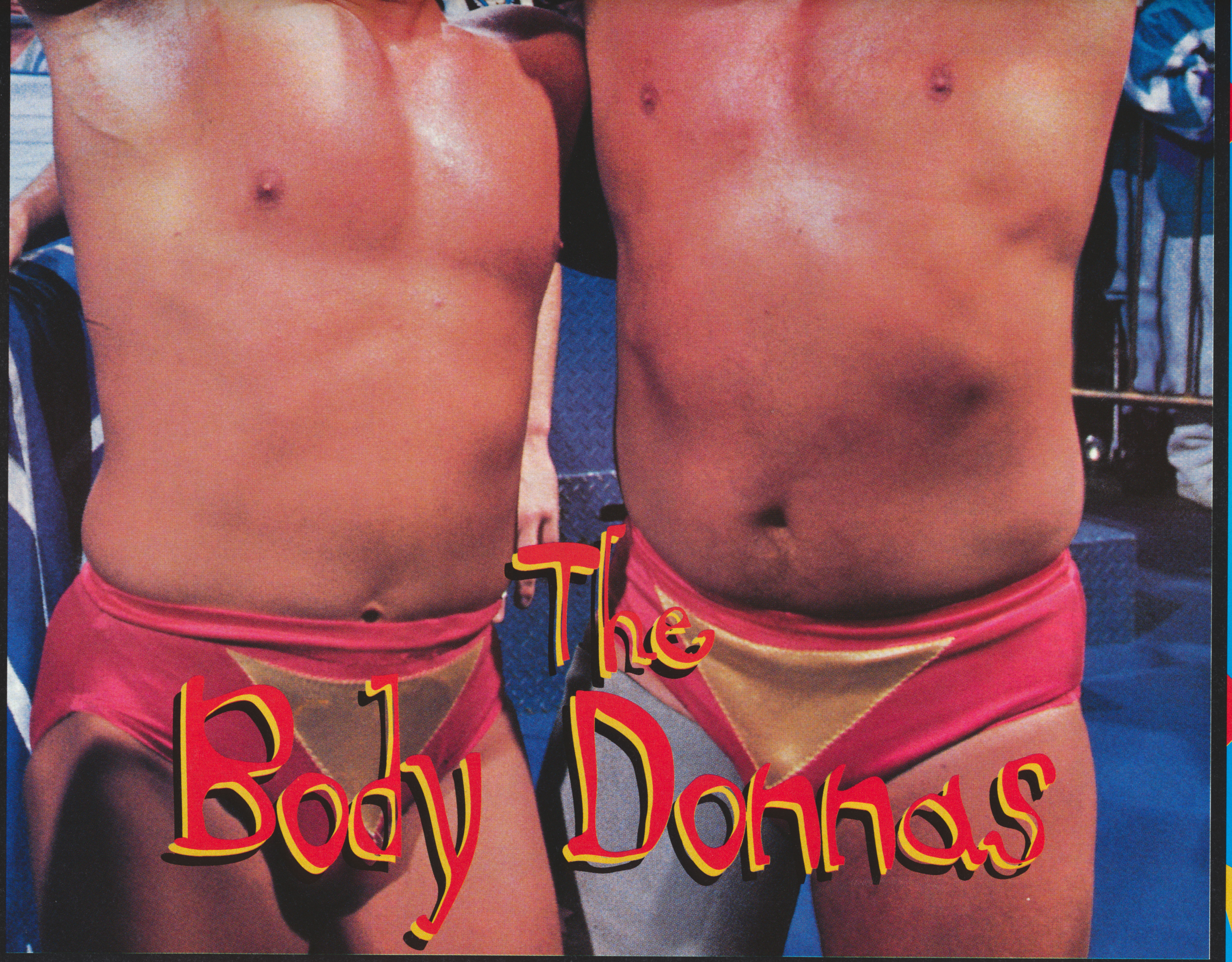
The Body Donnas

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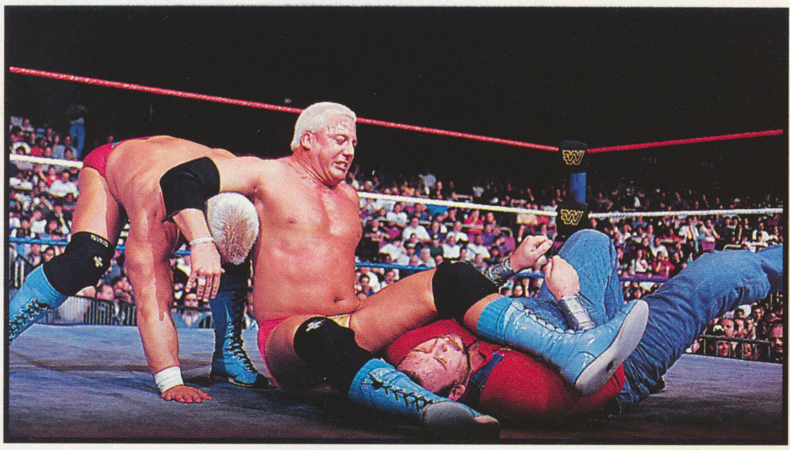
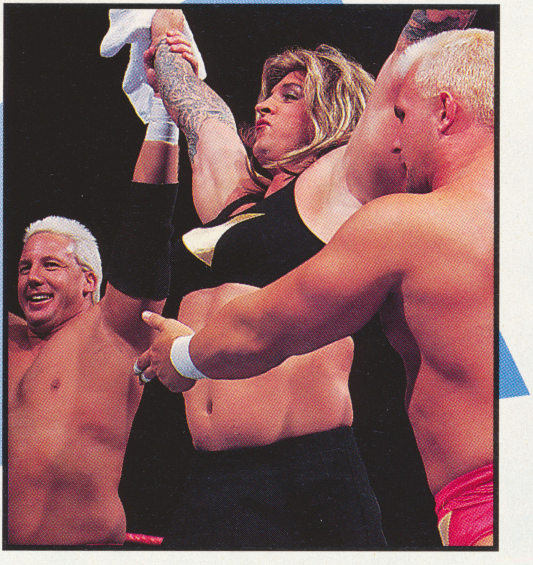
CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

Defeating the Arkansas Hog Farmers, the Godwinns, at the Tag Team Championship Tournament finals at the Free-For-All before *WrestleMania XII* was the pinnacle of success for these two workout gurus! Managed by the devious Sunny at the time, the Golden Haired Fox physically "a-skirted" herself to a stunned Phineas I. Godwinn, making the hog farmer easy prey for Skip. After the referee's hand slapped down for the final count, Skip and Zip were the NEW Federation Tag Team Champions!



Perhaps the lowest point for this tag team came just weeks later at New York's Madison Square Garden when Skip and Zip experienced the ultimate payback when a fatal slopdrop by Henry caused the "Blond Bombers" to lose their tag team belts to the Godwinns! In Sunny's world, no gold meant no money! And no money meant "see 'ya later, boys"! Sunny walked out on her men that night, leaving Skip and Zip to ponder how they could climb back up the tag team ladder! From that point on, Skip and Zip would remain Sunny-less!

Driven by the need to hold the gold once again, the ex-champs called out to their fans to enter the "Body Donna Manager Search Contest". Over 5,000 people applied for the position—photos, tapes and letters came pouring in to Skip and Zip on a daily basis! In the end, it was narrowed down to one woman... KLOUDI! After introducing her to the world at June's Free-For-All, Skip and Zip now had someone who would watch their backs and do, as they say, all the "managerial things" they deemed necessary. But perhaps even more importantly, this "babe" known as Kloudi was bent on making life miserable for the "selfish" Sunny!



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IN YOUR HOUSE RESULTS

By Keith Elliot Greenberg

THE SMOKING GUNNS VS. THE BODY DONNAS

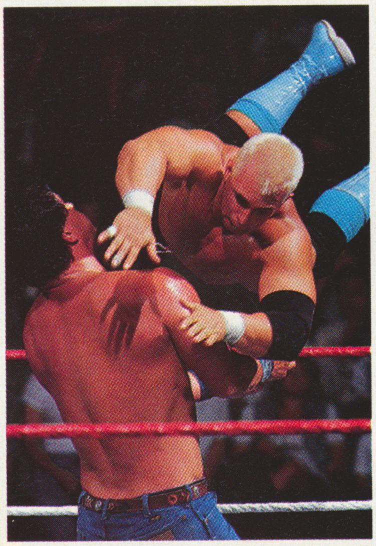
(WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS)

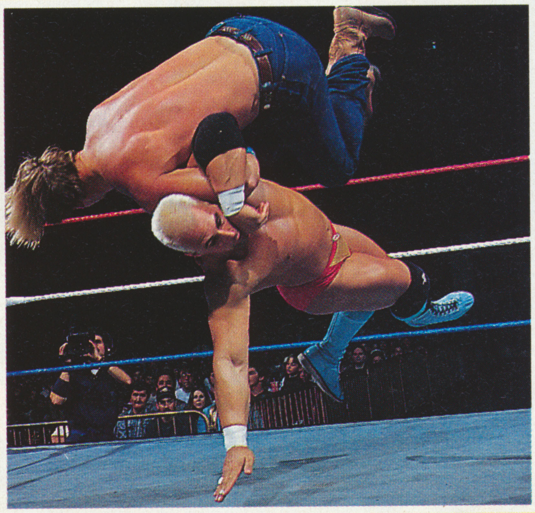
Shapely Sunny refused to allow her proteges, Billy and Bart Gunn, to put up their titles against her former charges, Skip and Zip of the Body Donnas. Perhaps angered by the slight, the Body Donnas started the match off hot, harming Billy Gunn with a number of synchronized moves. Hoping to play off the Donnas' emotions, Sunny faked a fainting spell, causing Skip to rush over and assist her. For his efforts, he received a slap in the face from the manager and a double clothesline from the Smoking Gunns.

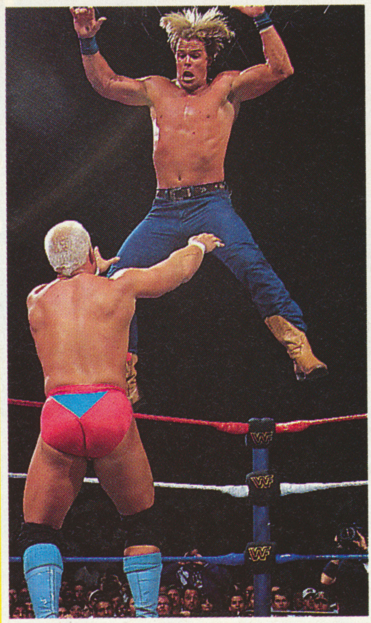
Skip's luck plummeted from there. He was dropped face-first across the ring apron. Then when he tried a flying bodypress from the top rope, Bart Gunn caught him in mid-air and executed a powerslam. For the next several minutes, as Harvey Wippleman struggled to maintain order, Skip was viciously double-teamed.

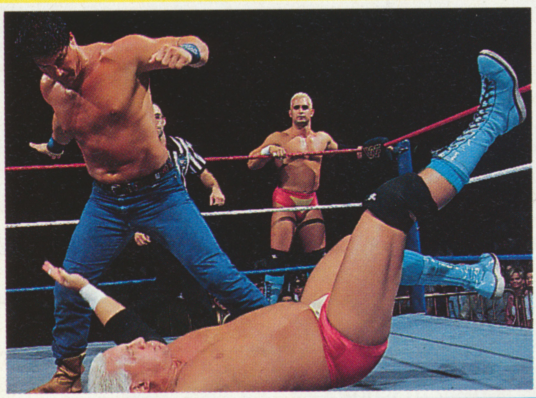
Finally, Skip managed to jam a knee into Billy when the co-titlist leaped at his foe from the top turnbuckle. Zip tagged in and was hoisted up for a Sidewinder by Bart. But before the champion could do anything else, Skip nailed him with a dropkick from the top. As Zip fell on top of his opponent, Wippleman—who'd been distracted by Sunny and Billy—turned around to register the pin.

Although the title didn't change hands, Sunny was so distraught by the outcome of the match that she threw herself on the mat and had a temper tantrum.









"We told the world that we could beat the Smoking Gunns and tonight we proved it!!!"
—SKIP

"Tonight the fans were the third man! They were behind us all the way and that enabled us to bag the w!"
—ZIP

HENRY O. GODWINN VS. MANKIND

The hog farmer—substituting for an injured Jake "The Snake" Roberts—was immediately in trouble, as he turned to shout "Sooie" to the fans at the start of the contest and was jumped from the rear by his bizarre rival. After biting and ramming his head into his opponent, Mankind was rocked by a series of fists from the rough and tumble hillbilly, then powerslammed and clotheslined over the top rope.

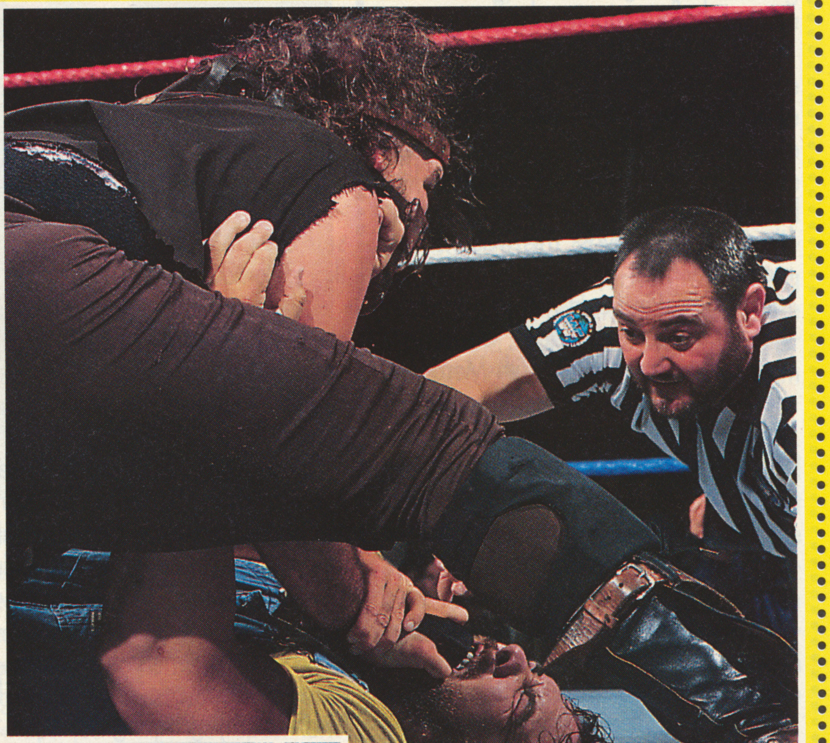
Mankind tried gaining the lead through eye pokes and low blows, but HOG sprung on his rival and pummeled him on the mat.

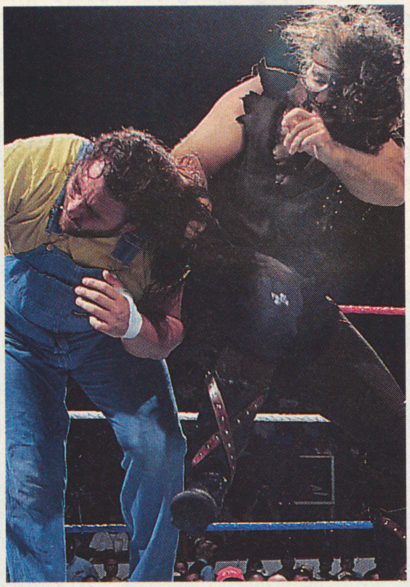
Still, Mankind remained a slippery adversary for the back woods scuffler, surprising Godwinn by grasping him by the hair and driving him, face-first, into the canvas. Once HOG was splayed out, Mankind hit him with an elbowdrop and knee to the face. A weakened Godwinn crawled over to the edge of the ring, gasping for air as he stuck his head out from between the bottom ropes. But Mankind was right on top of him, executing a legdrop to the back of his foe's skull from the ring apron.

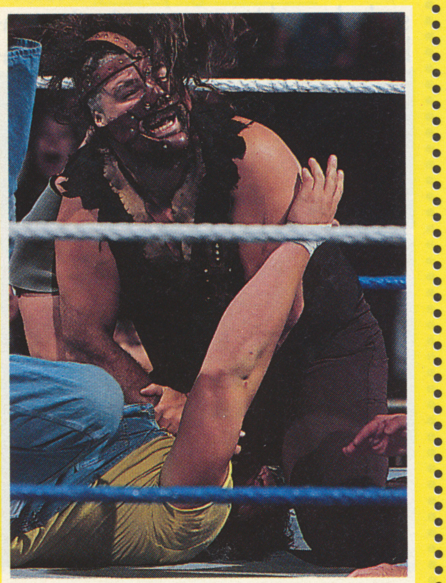
Removing the mats from the arena floor, Mankind delivered a swinging neckbreaker and forced his opponent back into the ring. Hog bravely fought off the assault with fists and a clothesline but when he advanced on his foe, Mankind gripped him by the overalls and hauled him to ringside. Remarkably, Godwinn stayed a step ahead, reaching up and pitching Mankind onto the concrete floor when he tried jumping off the ring apron.

Returning to the ring, Godwinn attempted a Slopdrop. On the way down, Mankind grabbed the rope, slipped from his opponent's clutches, pounced on the country boy and defeated him with the devastating Mandible Claw.

"Never in my life have I faced a critter like Mankind! That boy is out-of-control!!!"—H.O.G.







"Henry Godwinn should have never strayed from Mr. MacDonald's farm!!!" —MANKIND

WILDMAN MARC MERO VS. STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN

"I lost focus for one split second...that was the difference between winning and losing tonight." —MARC MERO

"What's there to talk about? The bottom line is I kicked his WILD!@#$...AGAIN!!!" —STONE COLD STEVE AUSTIN

Both athletes came into this match with business to clear up. Austin had beaten Mero in a *King of the Ring* semi-final contest, before winning the tournament. But in the clash, Mero accidentally kicked his foe in the face, opening a gash that required 16 stitches to close.

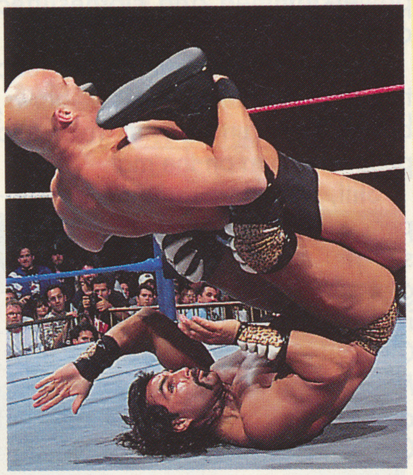
At *In Your House*, Mero flew at Austin from the rear, hooking the legs under Stone Cold's arms and rolling him onto the canvas. This was the very maneuver that opened up Austin at *King of the Ring* and Austin pretended that he'd been cut again, bringing a hand up to his mouth. With Mero perplexed, Austin jammed a finger into his opponent's eye, and clonked him hard from the side, sending him to ringside.

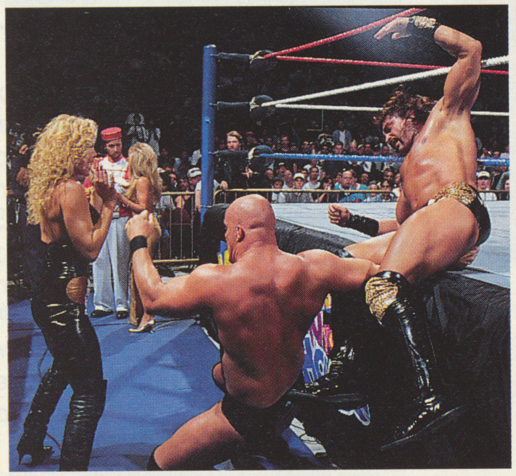
There, Stone Cold Steve catapulted his foe into the ringpost. After a knee from the second rope, an Irish whip, and a jarring elbow, Austin attempted a bulldog headlock but was lifted by Mero and dumped across the top rope. Austin stayed in the fight, setting up Mero for a piledriver. Incredibly, the Wildman twirled his body upward, ending up seated on Austin's shoulders, punching downward. Off-balance, Austin fell out of the ring, taking Mero with him.

Mero wasn't hurt in the plunge. He scrambled to the ring apron and somersaulted onto his opponent. Austin stumbled to his feet, but Mero perched himself on the apron again and backflipped onto his adversary.

As this was transpiring, Goldust's "director" Marlena appeared at ringside, with a red-coated usher, apparently attempting to deliver a mysterious message to Mero's gorgeous valet Sable.

Fueled by the cheers of the fans, Mero trapped Austin in the corner of the ring, climbed up the ropes and unleashed a series of blows. Reacting defensively, Stone Cold Steve shoved his opponent away and Mero fell—with legs apart—over the top cable. Austin tried a snapmare, but the Wildman blocked it by grasping the ropes. Once again going to the ring apron, Mero hopped over the strands, crashing down on Austin with a legdrop. But as Mero rose from the canvas—possibly diverted by Marlena—Austin clipped his adversary's leg, blasted him with the Stone Cold Stunner and got the win.





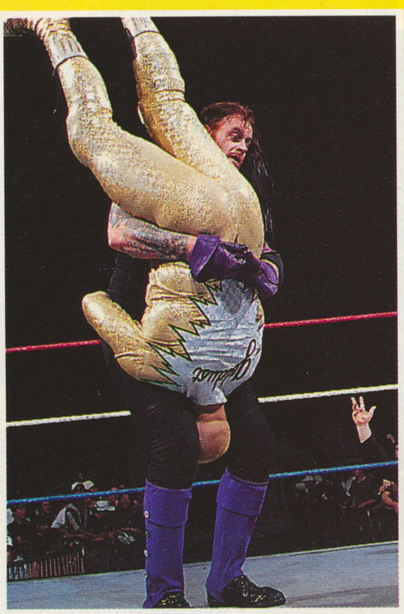
UNDERTAKER VS. GOLDUST

Seconds after the match began, the action had already spilled out of the ring, where Undertaker chokeslammed Goldust on the steel steps. As the Man from the Dark Side dismantled the stairs and attempted to slam a portion on his rival, Goldust's director Marlena shielded his charge with her body.

The battering persisted between the ropes—Goldust endured a clothesline and legdrop, among other maneuvers—but the Flamboyant One's mind remained clear. When the opportunity presented itself, he shocked Undertaker with a face rake, delivered a number of kicks to the lower abdomen and slung the World Wrestling Federation's resident Reaper into the turnbuckles. The Undertaker replied with some offense of his own, grabbing his foe's arm, walking across the top rope and flying down on the elbow.

"The graveyards are full of boys who were very young and very proud." —GOLDUST

The Magnificent Seven—1960



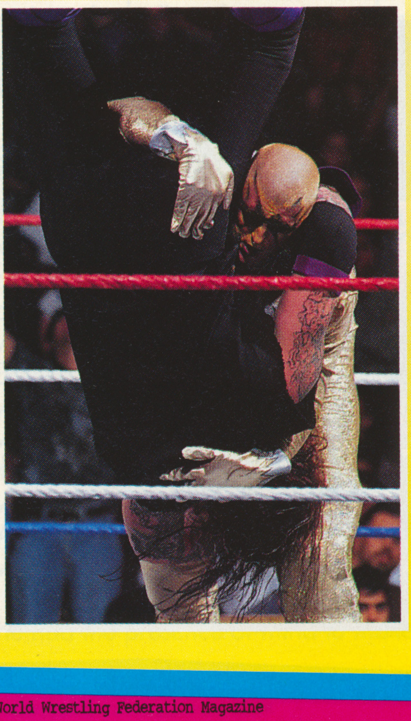
Goldust stayed tough, knocking Undertaker out of the ring with a clothesline. But the Pale Warrior landed on his feet, reached up and pulled Goldust down to the arena floor. They brawled back up to the ring—with Undertaker on the apron and Goldust just inside the ropes. Turning away from Goldust, Undertaker reached over his shoulder, grabbed Goldust by the head and jumped down, ramming his throat into the top strand.

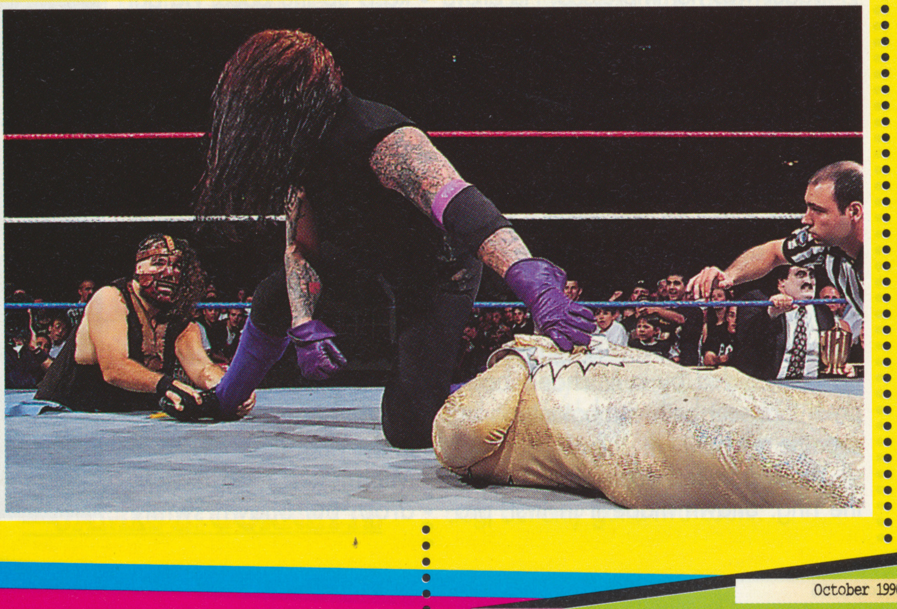
Throughout the match, Goldust had been whittling away at the padding on the top turnbuckle. Now fearing defeat, he pulled off the foam, whipped the Undertaker into the exposed steel and attacked him with a barrage of fists. Outside the ring, Goldust took apart the ring steps and dropped a chunk across the Undertaker's spine.

Undertaker recovered, astonishing the crowd by catching Goldust in an inside cradle back in the ring, then following up with a running clothesline and Tombstone Piledriver. But when the Reaper covered his opponent, Mankind suddenly emerged from underneath the ring through a hole he had torn through the canvas and began torturing Undertaker with the Mandible Claw while pulling him into the opening.

As the hole began to fill with smoke, Mankind came up to the surface and looked down into the gap. Without warning, the Man from the Dark Side snuck up on his enemy through the other side of the ring, pelting him with hard fists all the way back to the dressing room. Undertaker won the match by disqualification, but his war with Mankind was clearly not over.

"Is there no end?!! What is it going to take to put Mankind to rest...ONCE AND FOR ALL???" —PAUL BEARER





SHAWN MICHAELS, AHMED JOHNSON AND SYCHO SID

(WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION) (WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION INTERCONTINENTAL CHAMPION)

VS. VADER, THE BRITISH BULLDOG AND OWEN HART

Anxious to prove that he was a champion who doesn't hide behind his over-muscled friends, Michaels started the contest against arguably the most lethal man in the World Wrestling Federation, Vader. Spreading his paws, Vader gripped Michaels by the head and heaved him off the mat. Not intimidated, Shawn hammered down on his foe's skull.

Vader was not impressed. He drove a thumb into the Heartbreak Kid's throat and whipped him into the ropes. Shawn ducked under one clothesline, then another. When he attempted to leapfrog Vader, the big man picked up the champion and tried to slam him. But Michaels curled his legs around his opponent's shoulders and punched down at him, then flipped backwards onto the canvas, taking Vader along for the ride. Vader rose from the mat groggy, only to be broadsided by a Michaels bodypress that sent both combatants sailing over the ropes.

The two raced each other back to the ring. Shawn made it in first, propelled himself off the ropes and hit Vader with a sliding kick as he was ascending onto the apron. At ringside, Vader backed up a few paces, then proceeded toward the ring another time. He never noticed Michaels vaulting over the ropes until the Heartbreak Kid flattened his foe on the arena floor.

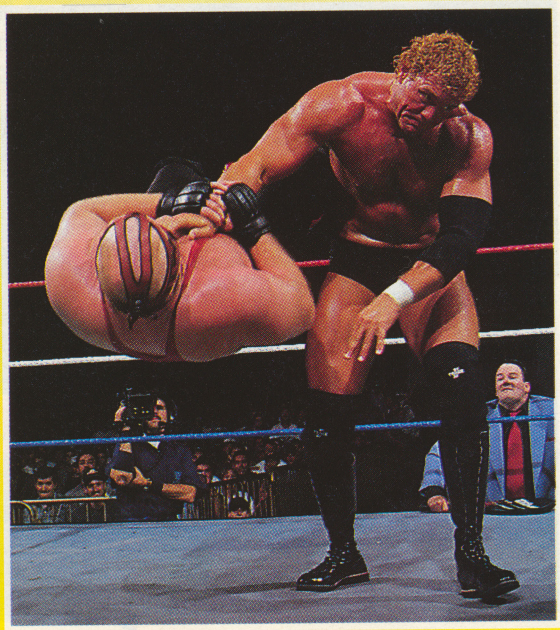
The fans were on their feet, urging Michaels to keep up the pace. He got swept up in the fervor, and made a foolish mistake, recklessly diving again at Vader from the ring apron. This was the opportunity the beast from the Colorado Rocky Mountains had anticipated. He simply stepped out of the way and watched Shawn collide with the guardrail.

Remarkably, Vader was the next one to get sloppy. In the ring, he coolly lifted Michaels for an atomic drop. But Shawn swiftly landed on his feet and tagged out to Sid—substituting for the suspended Ultimate Warrior. The flaxen-haired brute stepped through the ropes leveling kicks to Vader's mid-section and thrusts to his neck. Propelling himself off the strands, Sid cut down his opponent with a clothesline. Owen Hart rushed in—waving his controversial arm cast—and got some of the same. Ditto for the British Bulldog. Looking around at the battered bodies on the mat, Sid tossed out Owen, then the Bulldog, then the mighty Vader.

> "No excuses. We lost...they won. But, Vader...payback will be a !@#$!
> —SHAWN MICHAELS

In the center of the ring, Sid and Michaels—former enemies, now friends—exuberantly bumped chests.

Owen Hart tried breaking up the party. But Sid rapidly dispatched him to the mat with a clothesline. Ahmed tagged in and took Owen to the canvas with a back suplex, went behind the brash Canadian and repeated the move two more times. Yet when the Interconti-



nental Champion bounced off the ropes and tried an elbowdrop, it was Hart who ended up smiling, moving out of the way and tagging the Bulldog.

Johnson and the Bulldog had met before, and the Britisher was confident that he knew how to handle this brawny threat. In the past, the Bulldog had broken Ahmed's hand. Now he slammed fists across the Intercontinental Titlist's back. But Johnson was biding his time, waiting for vengeance. It came when Bulldog tried an Irish whip. Johnson reversed it, jolted his opponent with a reverse atomic drop, hooked him under the arms and rammed him into the mat with the Pearl River Plunge. But as Ahmed covered his foe, Vader came in with an elbow to the back.

As much as Bulldog was aching, he had the presence of mind to make a legal tag to Vader. Ahmed pounded Vader into a crumpled ball in the corner, but the Mastodon recuperated and crushed his foe with an avalanche against the buckles. Vader tried to repeat the maneuver—and was startled to meet up with a rejuvenated Johnson, who scooped up his foe, powerslamming him in the center of the ring.

What more can I say? I'm the Dionne Warwick of the World Wrestling Federation!!! I predicted it...and it happened!!! We gave those stooges the beating of their lives!!! No racquets, no casts, it was a clean 1-2-3 right in the middle of the ring!" —JAMES E. CORNETTE

Enter Owen Hart, who went airborne and toppled Ahmed with a dropkick. Hoping to take things a step further, Hart attempted an Irish whip. It was easily reversed and as Owen came springing off the buckles, the hardy Johnson gorilla pressed and slammed him.

Sid returned to the ring, ricocheting Hart off the ropes and hit him with a big foot. Bulldog stepped in, bounced off the cables and shocked Sid with a kick to the throat. Acting quickly, Bulldog grasped Sid around the chin, strained backwards and lifted the leviathan into a perfect vertical suplex. As Sid lay on the mat, Vader intervened, smashing his adversary with an elbowdrop.

Bulldog held Sid in position for a Vader headbutt. Then Vader sliced Sid down with a shoulderblock and tagged the Bulldog, who executed a few of his own headbutts. At some point, the blows stopped hurting Sid. His eyes widened, his face reddened and he punched Bulldog silly.

Looking to his corner, Sid tagged Michaels, who mounted the ropes, just as the Bulldog was shaking out the cobwebs, clobbering him with a double axhandle. The Heartbreak Kid charged at his opponent, but the Bulldog was too fast and Michaels collided with the corner.

While the champion was numbed by the impact, he remained very much aware of his surroundings, reversing an Irish whip. Bulldog bounded toward the ropes, crashing into Vader as he stood on the apron. Vader dropped to the arena floor and Bulldog collapsed in the ring. The champion covered his foe, then noticed Owen sneaking into the ring. As Hart left his feet, Shawn pulled away from the Bulldog, allowing Owen to hit his own partner with an elbowdrop. Hurling the intruder over the ropes, Michaels tried pinning the Bulldog, but only got a two-count.

"We will meet up with those boys again, only next time I hope it's in an alley somewhere!"
—AHMED JOHNSON

Bulldog tagged out to Owen, who didn't seem prepared to get involved in the action again so quickly. Before he could even leave the apron, Shawn yanked the ropes, projecting Hart over the cables into the ring. Michaels whipped his foe into the strands, but Owen bounced back with a foot to the neck. Owen tied up Shawn in an abdominal stretch, and rolled to the canvas, trying to gain a pinfall. Michaels kept going and soon Owen's shoulders were on the mat. Hart rolled in another direction, placing Shawn in danger. And so on and so on.

Realizing he couldn't beat the champion this way, Hart tried lifting him into a suplex. Michaels wiggled out of the hold and went behind his opponent, taking him down to the canvas with a victory roll. Amazingly, Hart rolled out of the cradle, briefly ending up on top of Shawn again.

Michaels was the target of all three of his opponents. When Shawn tried beating Hart with a backslide, Owen rolled over the champion's back and struck him with a clothesline. Bulldog tagged in and hurt Shawn with a backflip, followed by a legdrop and powerslam. The Englishman tried an elbowdrop and missed. Shawn ran the ropes, got clocked by Owen's cast from the rear and fell to a Bulldog clothesline. Vader stepped in, whipped Michaels over the corner, executed a short-arm clothesline and applied pressure to the champion's left shoulder. Michaels punched himself free and ran the ropes—straight into a shoulderblock.

"I'm back and next time there's gonna be HELL to pay!!!"
—SYCHO SID

"Next time that Jim Cornette touches Shawn Michaels... he is going to find out what the "Super Sock" is all about!"
—JOSE LOTHARIO

Hoping to even the odds, Johnson snuck through the strands and put Vader down with a clothesline. As the referee warned Ahmed, both legal combatants lay on their backs, then crawled to opposite corners. Vader reached the Bulldog, just as Michaels extended his hand to Sid. Before their fingers could touch, the Bulldog pulled Shawn into the middle of the ring and raised him into a backbreaker.

The champion flailed his body, gripped his opponent's arms and muscled free from the hold. As the Bulldog looked around bewildered, Shawn

bounced off the ropes and caught his foe in a crucifix. Bulldog dropped backwards, squashing Shawn. The Englishman stampeded at his rival, and Michaels moved out of the way. The Bulldog hit the buckles, and Shawn again tried tagging out to Sid. But the Bulldog switched places with Owen first and Hart dragged Shawn back into the danger zone.

Both men ran the ropes, crashing in the center ring. Owen tagged out to Bulldog, who powerslammed the champ. Sid dropped a leg across the Bulldog's head, as he covered Michaels, breaking up the pinfall. Bulldog tagged out to Vader and—while the referee had his attention elsewhere—Shawn tagged Johnson. But as Ahmed stormed the ring, the official cut him off, claiming that no tag had been made.

Shawn's trainer, Jose "Super Sock" Lothario, hopped onto the apron arguing with the arbiter. Behind the referee's back, all three of the champion's opponents worked him over. As the official turned around, Bulldog held Michaels in place for an Owen Hart dropkick from the top rope. At the last moment, Shawn ducked out of the way and the Bulldog fell to the mat. As Vader came in for the other team, Michaels finally changed places with Sid.

Sid ducked under a clothesline, and hit Vader with the same move. When Vader didn't stir, Sid grabbed him by the neck and slammed him to the canvas. Owen came through the ropes and received identical treatment. Just to even things out, the Bulldog also succumbed to a chokeslam.

Johnson tagged in. He and Sid slung Vader into the ropes and nailed him with a double clothesline. Michaels mounted the turnbuckles and Sid tossed him on top of Vader. But Bulldog smashed the titlist from the rear, as he covered Vader.

Outside the ring, Bulldog and Owen ganged up on Ahmed, while Sid rushed to the rescue. With the referee distracted, manager Jim Cornette tossed a tennis racket in the ring to his protege Vader. Shawn raced over to the ring apron, choked Cornette, then quickly wheeled around and hit Vader with a haymaker. The big man dropped the tennis racket and Michaels picked it up, swung it back, cracked it across Vader's skull and covered him. The referee turned and counted: "One, two...". As the arena groaned, Vader kicked out.

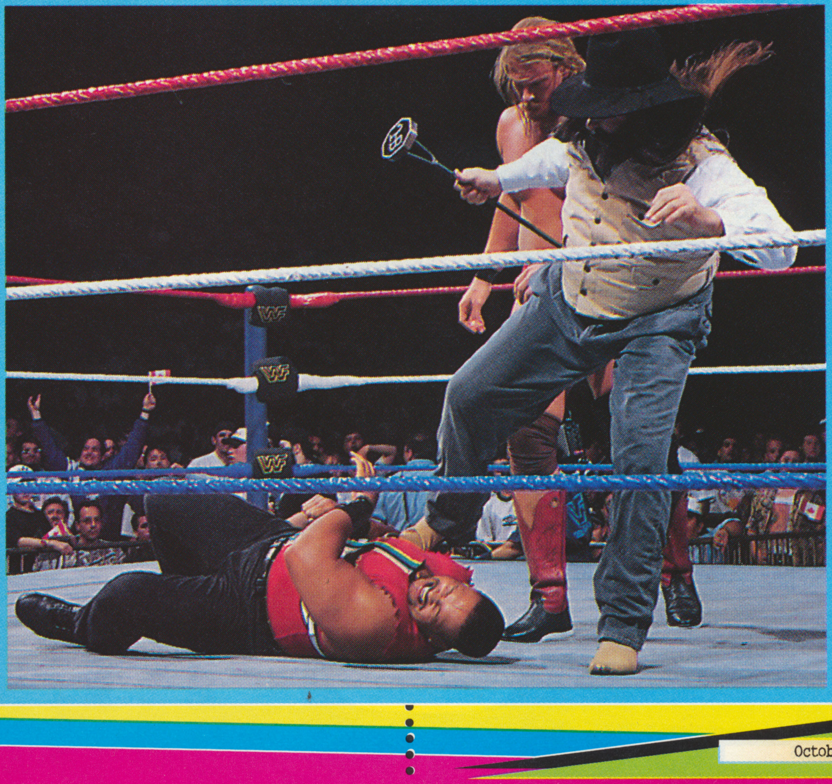
As the entire Kliq could smell the blood of the beast in the air, Michaels headed toward the corner of the ring and began to kick in a little chin music. However, just before he could deliver the fatal kick, Cornette grabbed his ankle from the outside of the ring. Seizing the opportunity, Vader avalanched the distracted champion in the corner, knocking the wind out of him and crashing him to his knees. Scenting victory, the Mastodon then climbed up to the second rope and executed a Vader Bomb. The fight was completely out of the champion. Vader covered him and got the win for Camp Cornette.

Johnson and Sid returned to the ring. Ahmed whipped the Bulldog into Sid, who delivered a Powerbomb. Johnson grabbed Hart, and tossed him across the ring, to be victimized by the same maneuver. Ahmed now snatched Vader and threw him to Sid. The crowd was on its toes. Could anyone actually Powerbomb the massive Vader? Before the question could be answered, Bulldog pulled his partner away from Sid.

But Vader wasn't completely safe. The gutsy Michaels hurdled over the ropes, splashed the man-monster on the arena floor and pounded him into retreat.

FREE FOR ALL

In a special match presented free for all prior to the Pay-Per-View, South Bronx scrapper Savio Vega and tough Texan Justin "Hawk" Bradshaw continued their feud. Savio hurt his foe with a number of spinning kicks, but Bradshaw gained the pinfall when he placed his feet on the ropes and his manager Uncle Zebekiah held him firmly in place. After the match, the two ganged up on the feisty Puerto Rican and marked him with a branding iron.



FROM THE LAW OFFICE OF...

FROM THE DESK OF
CLARENCE MASON
ATTORNEY AT LAW

DEAR MR. RUSSO,

I would like to first start off by saying that I am a card-carrying member of the American Civil Liberties Union. I am a strong proponent of the Bill of Rights and an advocate of free speech. However, the recent article written by you, a reject from the *Enquirer*, left little to be desired about this publication. I was outraged at the accusations, the half-truths and outright lies written about Owen Hart, Camp Cornette and most of all the personal attack on Clarence Mason.

Vince Russo, it's obvious you know nothing of running a magazine and even less about Owen Hart, his wrestling ability and Camp Cornette.

Owen's career is better now than it's ever been. We never turned him against Yokozuna. Yokozuna couldn't carry the weight. Did you get it? He couldn't carry the weight! And speaking of Yokozuna—who recently pinned the two-time champion's shoulders to the mat for the 1-2-3? It was the Slammy Award-winning Owen Hart, that's who! And, who recently teamed with Vader and the Bulldog and defeated the team of the World Wrestling Federation Champion Shawn Michaels, the Intercontinental Champion Ahmed Johnson and Sycho Sid in the Main Event of the International Incident Pay-Per-View? That's right. It was Owen Hart. I could go on and on, but if I did, that would smear but yet more egg on your face.

The truth of the matter is, Mr. Russo, that you are incompetent, inept and pathetic. You didn't do your research. That's one of the cardinal rules of journalism. You use your pen to cower behind the First Amendment and freedom of the press and speech. I am going to use my pen to expose you and that pseudo-magazine that should be called the *Trash Gazette.*

I normally give opposing counsel time to surrender; however, you won't be afforded that luxury because you are a maggot of the worst kind. But, out of the goodness of my heart, I will do you a favor. You can keep your lousy job and this second-rate magazine can stay in publication if Owen can have his own column that is unedited and uncensored.

If you don't give him his own article, I am going to sue you, the World Wrestling Federation and TitanSports for intentional infliction of emotional distress, negligent infliction of emotional distress, libel, slander, defamation of character and assault, and that is only the beginning. By the time I'm through with you, Mr. Russo, your grandchildren are going to need lawyers.

I demand you give Owen Hart the column or I will see you in court where the hands of justice are swift and hard!

Sincerely yours,

Clarence Mason

Clarence Mason
Prosecutor for the People

EL SID!

THE POTENTIAL IS ABOUT TO BE TAPPED

By Vince Russo

In the early 1990s I just didn't buy it. This man didn't belong in anyone's shadow. Especially a champion who had by far seen his better days. In my opinion, I will always view *WrestleMania VIII* as a disappointment. It should have been Sid's day... Sid's year... and Sid's era. Instead, a voodoo man, a Warrior, and immaturity crashed and ruined his party, thus forcing him almost into obscurity.

In 1992, at *WrestleMania VIII,* Sid Eudy should've, would've and could've beat Hulk Hogan. He was bigger, stronger, faster and smarter than the then champion. Unfortunately, in his own words, he was not ready for the "big time". A hometown boy from Arkansas, Sid was not quite prepared for the lights, cameras and action of the World Wrestling Federation. As a matter of fact, before a deserved rematch could even be issued, Sid had already packed his bags and headed back to "Razorback Country".

After some extensive soul searching, a more grown-up, seasoned Sid made his comeback to the World Wrestling Federation three years later in 1995. Little did he know that the hurdle that would stand in his way this time was not himself, but rather something that would be far beyond his control. His "greenery" was small potatoes when compared to the professional jealousy that Sid would have to overcome in order to get to the place he wanted to be... the top. Kids, I've said it before and I'll say it again—- WRESTLING = SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT = BIG BUSINESS = POLITICS and with politics comes jockeying for position. Yes, there are many Willie Shoemakers at TitanSports, both outside... and INSIDE the ring. When Sid made his long-awaited return, those who ruled the ring at the time may have been intimidated by him... in more ways than one. He was the new kid on the block, not to mention the new "BIGGER" kid. Fans immediately began cheering him because he was "cool," and that became threatening to many of his peers. I was at *Monday Night Raw* in Macon, Georgia, on February 20, 1995, when Sid debuted as the new bodyguard of

Shawn Michaels. To say the place became an asylum would be an understatement! When Sid made his way down that aisle, the pa-

tients went beyond CRAZY! They ripped off their strait-jackets and got ready to rock!

Folks, to certain individuals—THIS WAS NOT GOOD.

"Warning, warning, Will Robinson. An intruder is looking to steal our spotlight!" That's right, IN MY OPINION, a certain number of Sid's peers may have been shaking in their boots. If Eudy were, by chance, to become more popular than them, it would be devastating... devastating to their egos, of course, NOT to the business as a whole! So, in more ways than one, they saw to it that Sid was buried. And, buried he was. Left out to rot... fossilize... chum for the maggots.

For the next six months, Sid would lie low. IN MY OPINION, he had become a victim of "circumstance". For understandable reasons, he may have become sour with the business. The politics seemed to have pushed him into the "could have been" category. He even went so far as to announce his retirement from the squared circle. If this truly was the case, then it would be nothing short of a tragedy. A wasteful loss not only to the World Wrestling Federation, but to the business as a whole.

But wait, at the end of the tunnel you could hear the firing of a match. Yes, there was light.

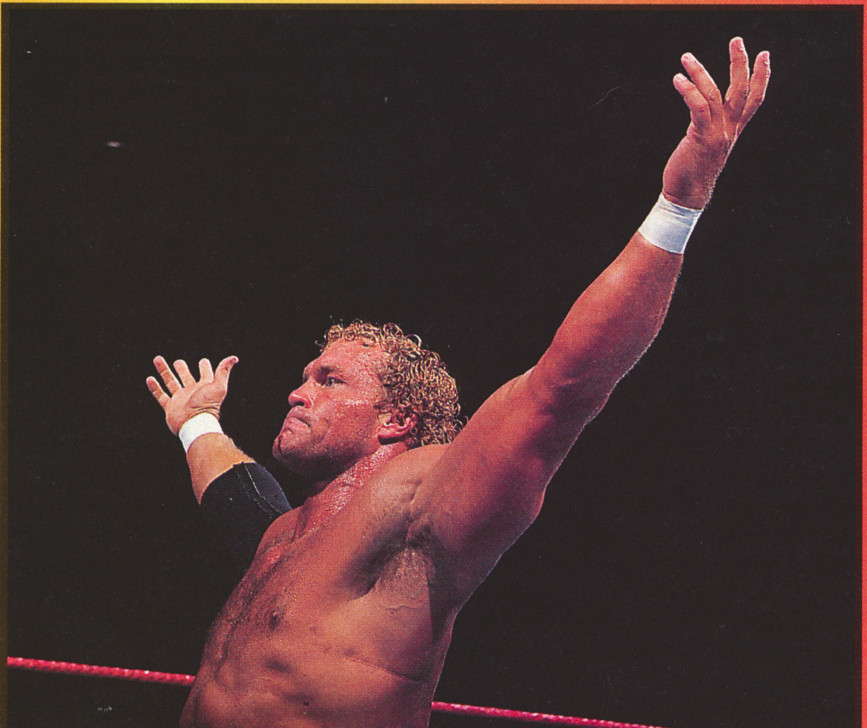
The balance of power shifted among the ranks of the World Wrestling Federation, largely due to the almighty buck. Those who may have buried Sid earlier were now being buried themselves in a gushing flood of undeserving greenbacks. Remember, those who tore Sid down behind his back said it was for the "good of the company". Well, my question is, "Where was the 'good of the company' when you were negotiating behind the boss' back?!"

You know what, scratch that. I'm not going to get up on my soapbox because that is not what this commentary is about. This commentary is about SID. And, for the reasons I am about to mention, I strongly believe that Sid's time has arrived!!!

Along with Bret Hart, Shawn Michaels is probably the most "confident" individual I have ever known. He doesn't worry about the "threat" of others overthrowing his Kliq because as the World Wrestling Federation Champion he realizes what he brings to the dance. He doesn't have to tear down others to build himself up, because he already is the tallest skyscraper in the city! He has no shortcomings. Nothing to hide or protect. He has the belief in himself that no man is going to knock him off his perch. It's the security of himself. Shawn Michaels knows that Sid is good for the "business". He's a monster with a personality and people will pay money to see him! Sid will help everybody—-including Shawn Michaels—in the long run.

With Shawn Michaels on top, there is no question in my mind that Sid's time is NOW! Politics can take a back seat and let him do the driving! The potential has only thus far been tapped... but now it will EXPLODE!!!

Yes, Sid Eudy just may soon... "RULE THE WORLD"!



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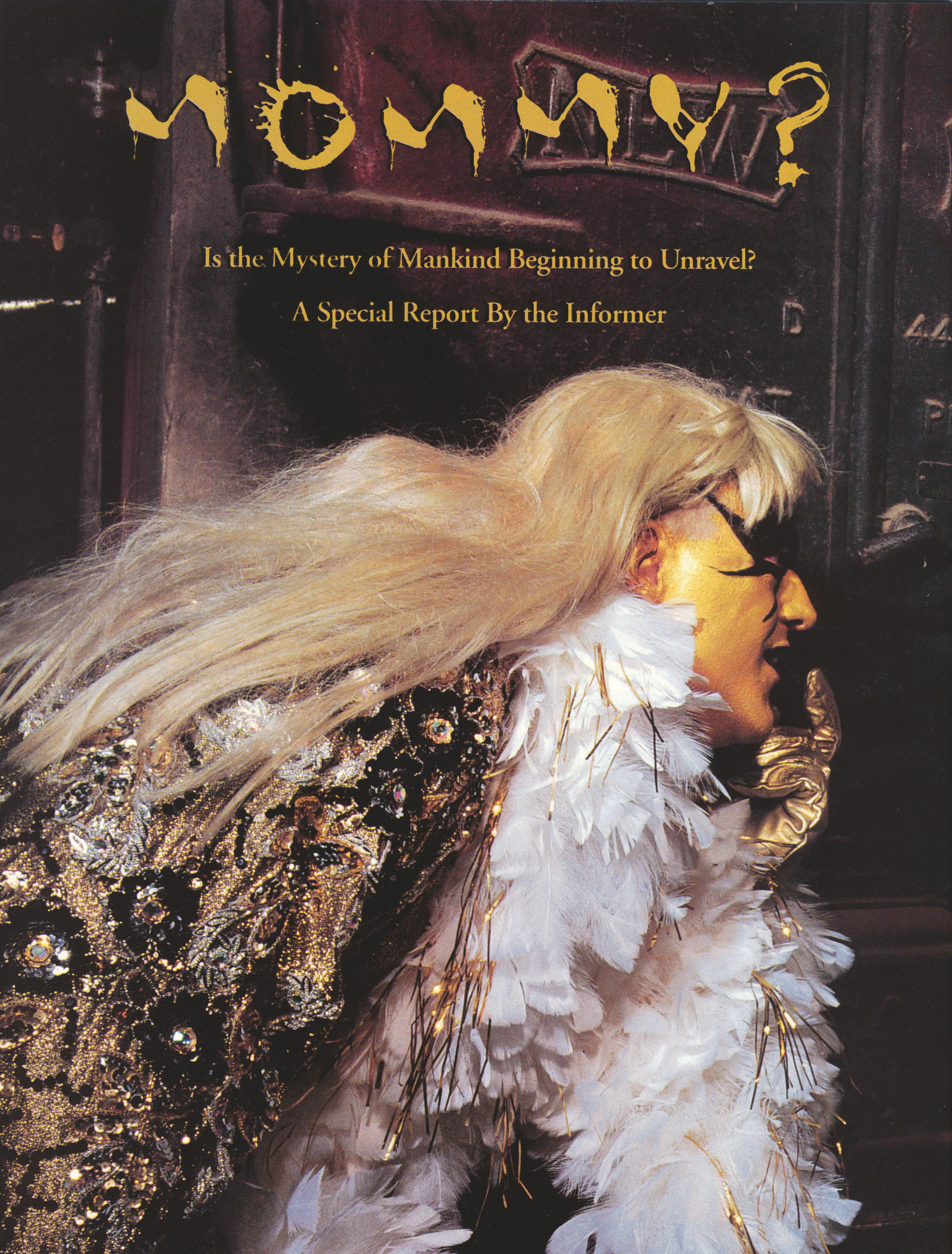
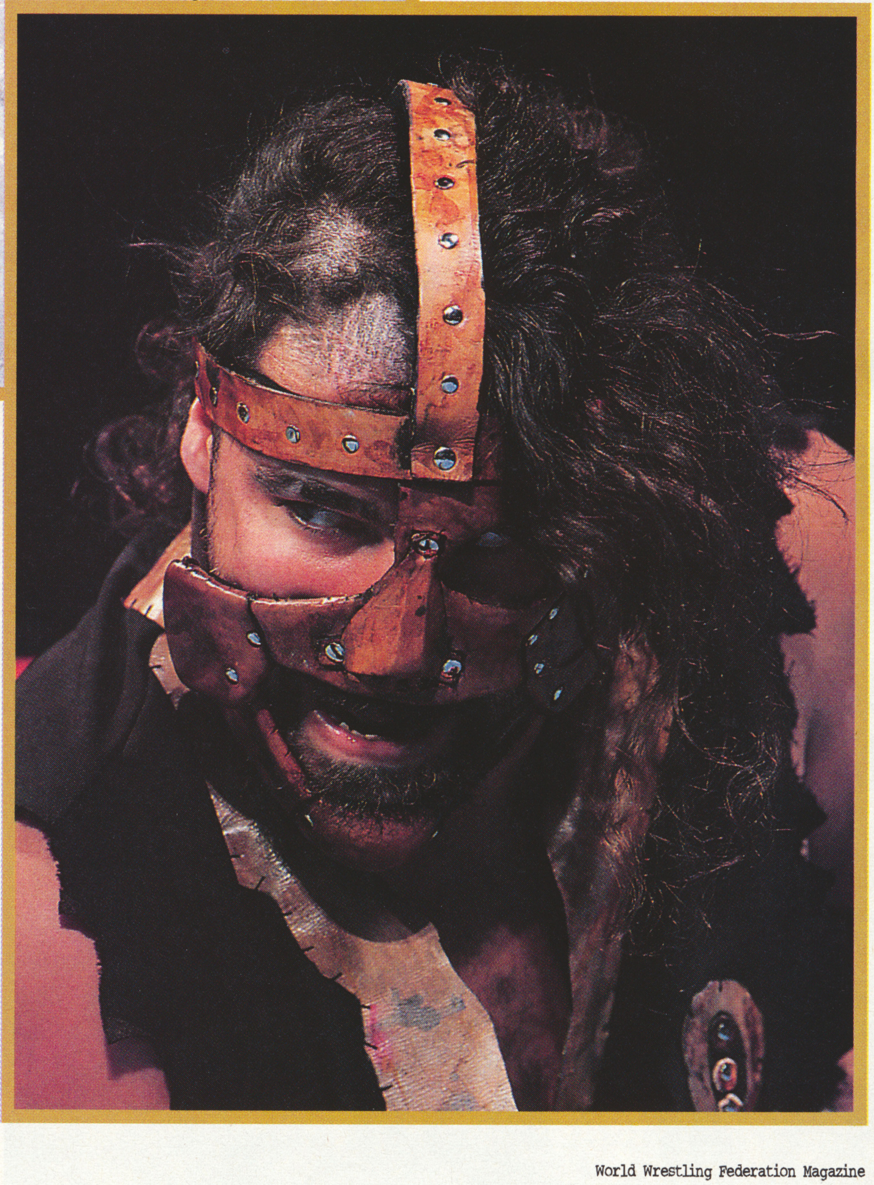


MONEY?

Is the Mystery of Mankind Beginning to Unravel?

A Special Report By the Informer



essarily mean that he's not still Mankind's best friend, by any stretch of the imagination!

Now the psyches of Goldust and Mankind are comparable in various ways. Both are masters of the mind game... in their own "special" way, of course. Where Goldust likes to frolic within the psychologically bizarre realm of sexuality, Mankind takes a more strait-jacketed approach. He likes to come off as being just plain nuts. Both live in fantasy worlds— Goldust in the lights, camera and action of La-La Land... Mankind in his safe haven known as the boiler room. They both offer very unique and mysterious backgrounds. The truth is—we know very little about either individual, largely due to the fact that neither has told us anything! What "really" makes Goldust tick? Did something happen in his childhood that sent him to super-bizarredom? Does he have any legitimate acting experience? If not, how the heck did he get himself on the red carpet area on Oscar night? And Mankind? Now here's a jigsaw puzzle that lacks a straight border. The music, the claw, the mask, the cellar, the... MOMMY?

MOMMY... here's where the mystery begins. If you don't already know by now, Goldust and Mankind wrestled as a tag team at some house shows back in late summer, early fall. The Bizarre and the Demented. OK, nothing wrong with that. Sometimes wrestlers do team up even though they may have nothing in common. Case in point—the opponents of this troubled team were none other than the Heartbreak Kid Shawn Michaels and everybody's favorite dead man, the Undertaker. Now here's the wacky part—weeks prior to the match, Goldust and Mankind were cutting a couple of interviews talking about the upcoming matches. Keep in mind these interviews only ran in the markets where the matches were taking place. In other words... only a very few people saw them. Anyway, through the entire cuts, Mankind was referring to Goldust as... MOMMY. You got that? MOMMY! But wait, it gets even sicker! The three of us—me and my own two eyes—witnessed Mankind actually BURYING HIS HEAD IN GOLDUST'S BOSOM in search of peace, love and understanding!!!

Now you tell me, kitty-cats, what the H-E... double toothpicks is going on here?!!! Has Goldust out-psyched the psycho into believing that he's his... MOMMY?! OR is this just another chapter in their well-scripted psychology handbook? What do you think? Do you think I know? WELL, I MIGHT!!!

The following day after this goose-bumping incident, my top informer informed me, the Informer, that SON has moved into MOTHER'S mansion!!! That's right! They share the same CELLAR!!! Now this shocking detail has in no way, shape or form been confirmed yet. HOWEVER, I was told just last night by the GREAT (his opinion, not the Informer's) VIC VENOM, that next month... in this very magazine... he plans on bringing you inside the mansion of Goldust in his exclusive "Lifestyles of the Rich and Filthy Rich"! So now the question is will Venom be the reporter he says he is and take us in the cellar of the Goldust estate so that we can find out the truth for ourselves? OR will snake breath slither out of the entire situation by keeping the basement door LOCKED?!

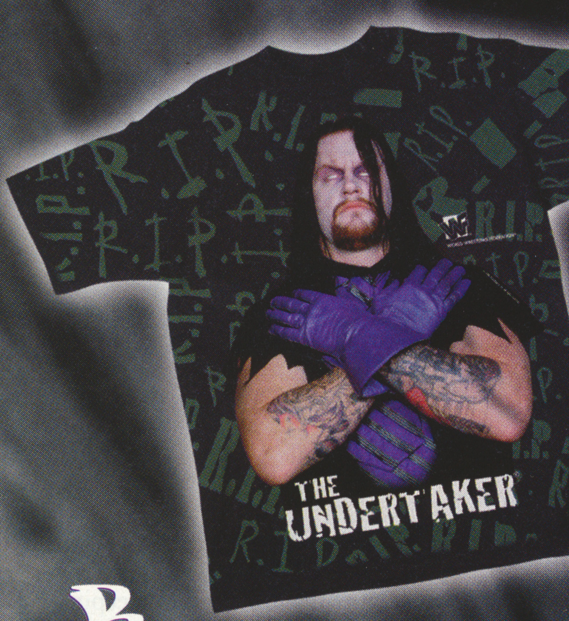
Tune in next month!!!

Until next time... this has been the Informer.

THIS JUST IN!!!
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!!! AS OF PRESS TIME, I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT GOLDUST MAY HAVE COME CLEAN WITH MANKIND! A SOURCE INFORMED ME, THE INFORMER, THAT GOLDUST MAY HAVE RECENTLY EXPLAINED TO MANKIND THAT HE INDEED IS NOT HIS MOMMY, BUT... SABLE IS!!! THIS STORY JUST GETS WEIRDER BY THE MINUTE!!!

STAY TUNED!!!!

Get the Spirit...


R.I.P.
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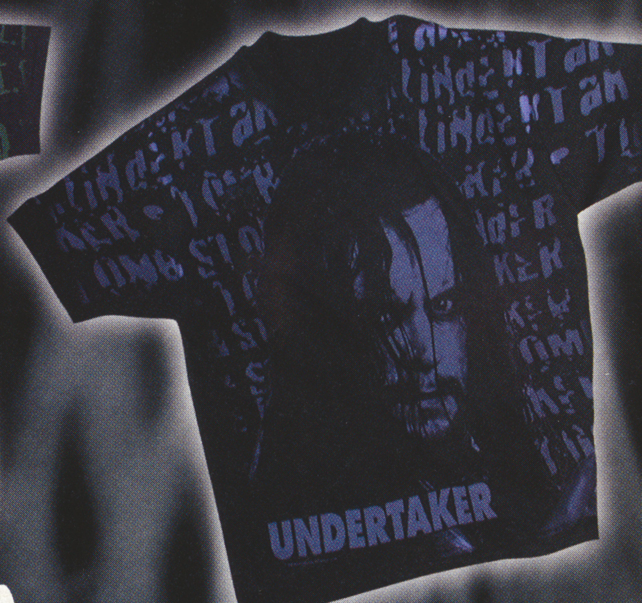
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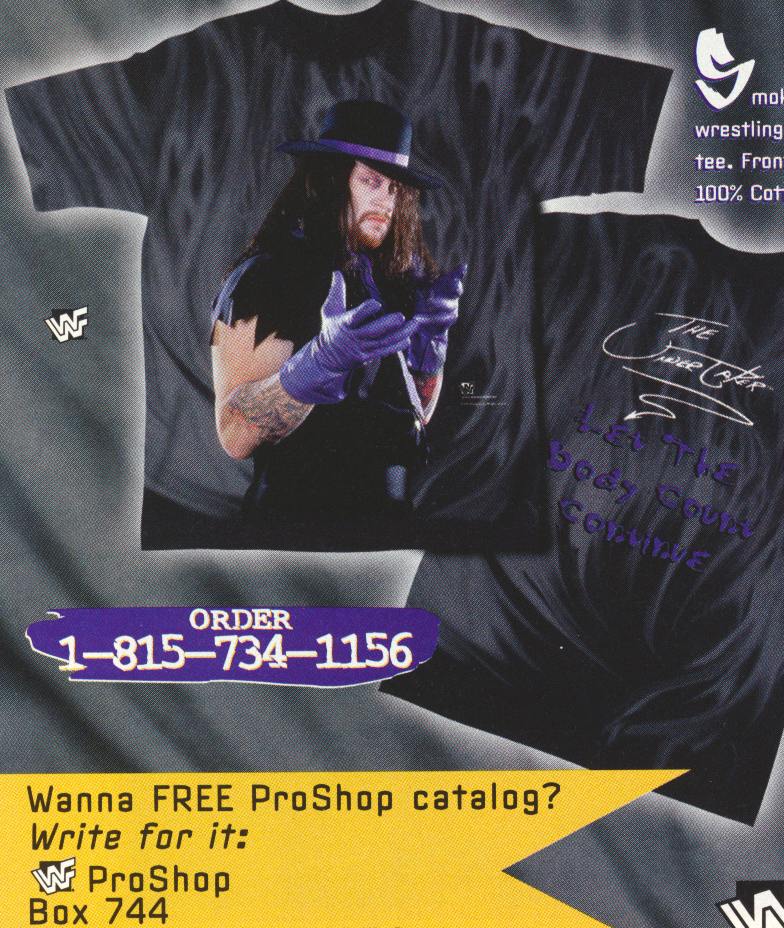
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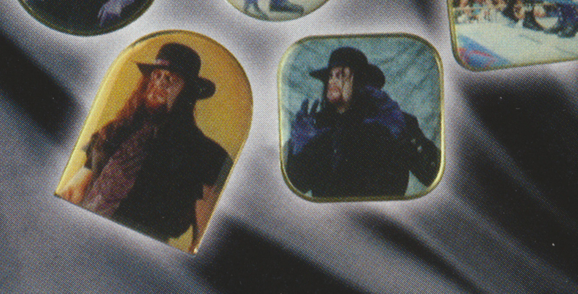

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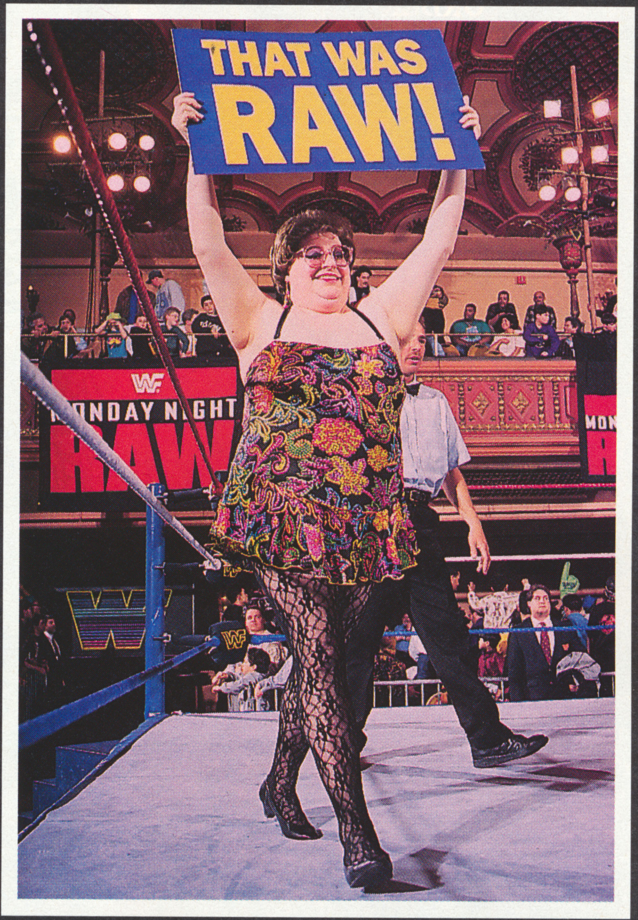


In Memory
Christine Rosati

The entire staff of World Wrestling Federation Magazine recently mourned the death of one of its closest and dearest friends, Christine Rosati.

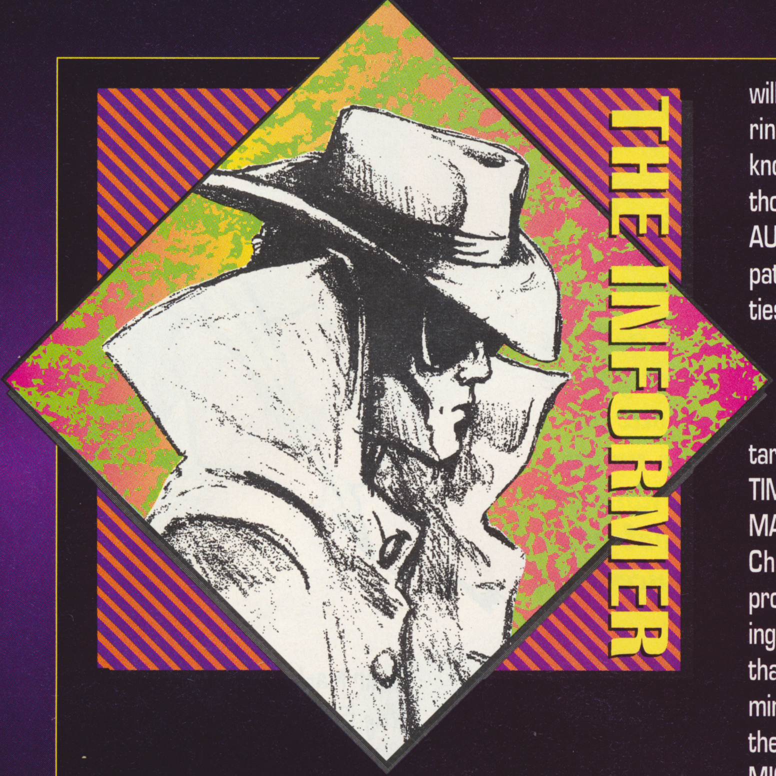
Having personally known Christine, I will never forget the enjoyment expressed on her face every time she rooted one of her favorite Federation superstars—most notably Bret Hart—at a live World Wrestling Federation event. The passion and love she shared with us all at TitanSports will never be forgotten.

She was truly our #1 fan.

Thank you, Christine... we will miss you.

The Editor

THE INFORMER



BARRED FROM THE BACK

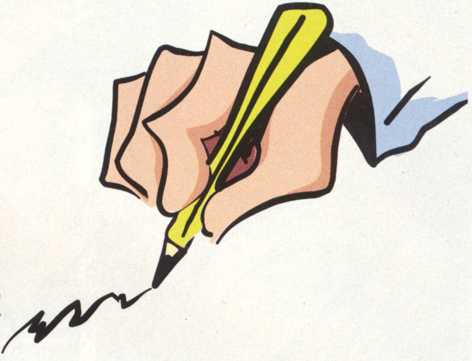
Perhaps the biggest reunion of the century took place this past summer when GENE, PAUL, ACE and PETER decided to put the make-up back on and once again KISS the world with some of the greatest entertainment ever known to man! So why am I talking about KISS in my gossip column, you ask? Maybe because many of the World Wrestling Federation Superstars herald KISS as their all-time greatest band! As a matter of fact, while on tour JERRY "THE KING" LAWLER caught the "Face Painted Warriors" in action in Memphis, Tennessee, while KISSAMANIACS SKIP and ALDO MONTOYA caught their historically sold-out show in New York's Madison Square Garden...Oh, and how could I forget? VIC VENOM also "crashed" the GARDEN party!...HERE'S A FLASH—sorry, Hart family. BRET WILL NOT BE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS!!! Oh, he will SURVIVE them, BUT NOT from the comforts of his own home!...I've got to tell you, I'm still just not convinced that CRUSH is going to continue to go it alone...DUKE "THE DUMPSTER" DROESE was given his release from the World Wrestling Federation...As of press time I, the INFORMER, am being led to believe that the situation between the Federation and the ULTIMATE WARRIOR is not dead by any means. As a matter of fact, I will go so far as to predict that when we least expect it...those ring ropes will shake once again!...They may have once been known as the HOLLYWOOD BLONDS in another federation, but those days are long gone between BRIAN PILLMAN and STEVE AUSTIN. Since their split, both men have gone down separate paths to become two of the hottest, most controversial personalities in the world of sports-entertainment. However, I am being told that these two "separate" paths may be meeting at the fork sooner than we think. That's right, it's got to happen. Don't be surprised if STONE COLD is the TIME BOMB's first target when he is 100%—or, VICE-VERSA! AND speaking of the TIME BOMB...on a recent episode of MONDAY NIGHT RAW, PILLMAN was scheduled to interview the World Wrestling Federation Champion SHAWN MICHAELS. Prior to the chat, PILLMAN promised Federation producers that he would behave himself during the segment and only discuss the matter that was at hand at that time—SUMMERSLAM. Of course, PILLMAN lied and within minutes a heated confrontation took place between himself and the HEARTBREAK KID. After a few choice words were exchanged, MICHAELS got in the last word, leaving PILLMAN out to dry. Due to the content, the entire interview was cut, and never made it to the airwaves...Is SID next for the UNDERTAKER? Don't be surprised! Federation officials know it's one match that the fans are DYING to see and from what I'm being told, it's currently being discussed!...Did you read SCOOP SULLIVAN in this month's issue? PLEASE DO! It may not be as far-fetched as it seems!...AND, last but not least...SUNNY spent the month...JUST BEING SUNNY!!!...Until next time...this has been the Informer!

PIN 'em DOWN

Dear Shawn Michaels,
How old were you when you went on your first date?

Tim Squires
Mount Vernon, WA

Well, Tim, if you have to ask the HBK that question you might be too young yourself to go out on your first, little man! The women will come in time, but for now you should concentrate on school and your friends... the no. 1 concerns of the Kliq!



Dear Mankind,
Why is it the only time you come out of the basement is to wrestle? Don't you ever go outside?

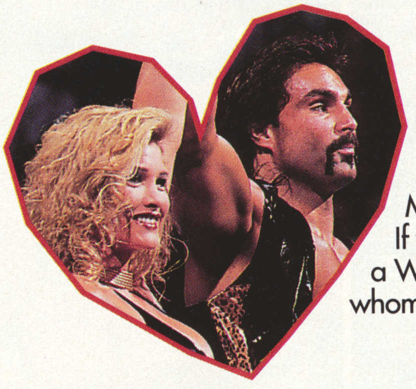
Mark Aguilera
Green Bay, WI

Mommy always told me not to stay in the basement too long, Mark... BUT THAT'S WHERE ALL MY TOYS ARE!! You see, the basement is where I can play with George and ALL MY LITTLE FRIENDS HIDING IN THE WALL!! HAVE A NICE DAY!

Dear Bob "Spark Plugg" Holly,
What sport do you like competing in more, wrestling or race car driving?

Steve Bacharach
Skippack, PA

Well, Steve, life in the squared circle AND on the fast lane have a lot of things in common for me. On both circuits, I've got thousands of people screaming for me every time I lap an opponent... AND competition like the British Bulldog and Owen Hart remind me a lot of track veterans Rusty Wallace and Dale Earnhardt!



Dear Wildman Marc Mero,
If you were going to have a WILD tag team partner, whom would it be?

Kerri Morris
Straton, PEI, CN

Well, Kerri... to be honest, I haven't really thought about that yet! The ranks of the World Wrestling Federation have given me some great battles, but I doubt anyone other than Sable would be able to understand the animal instincts that drive me! For now, Sable and I make quite a WILD team!

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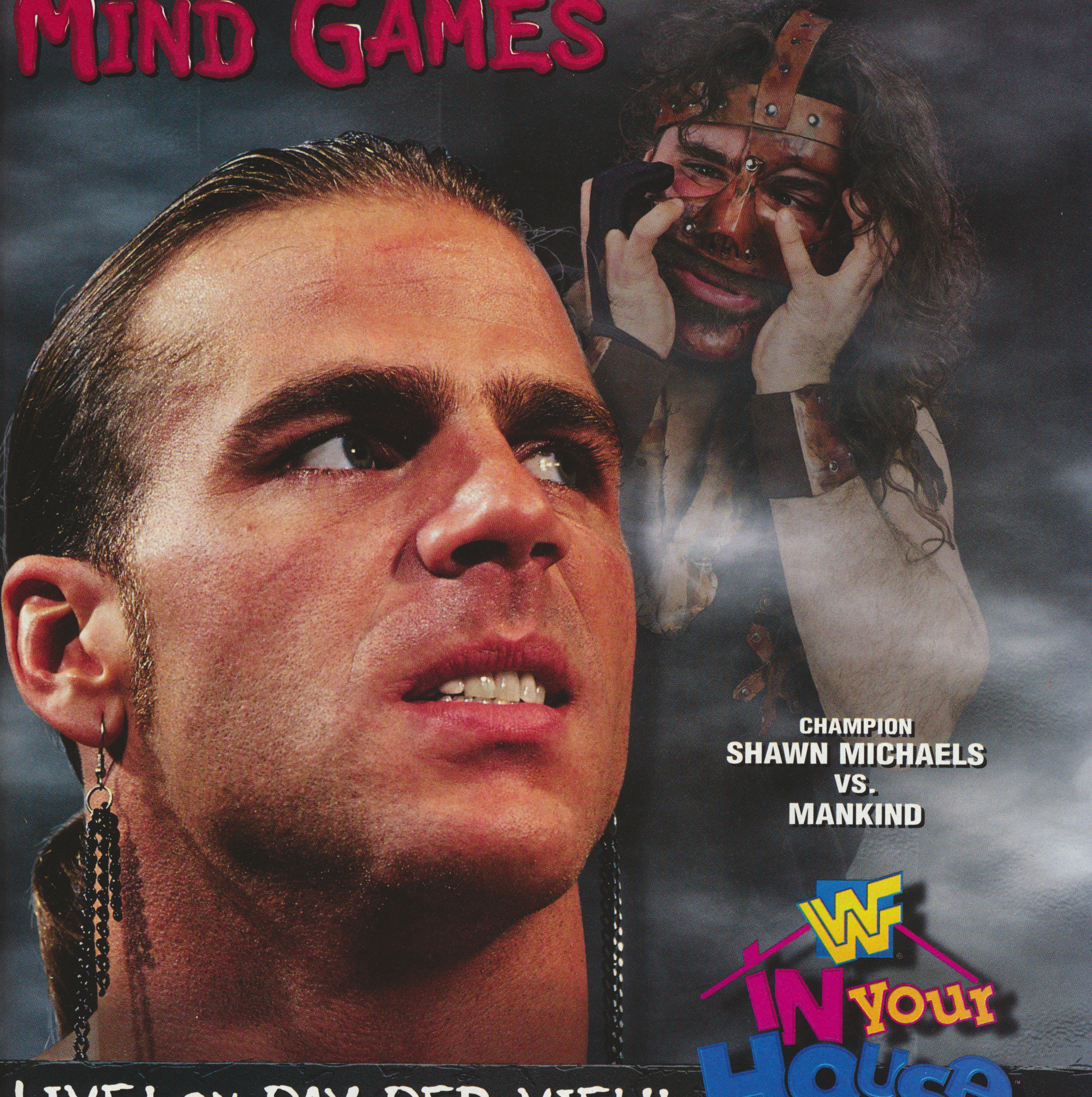

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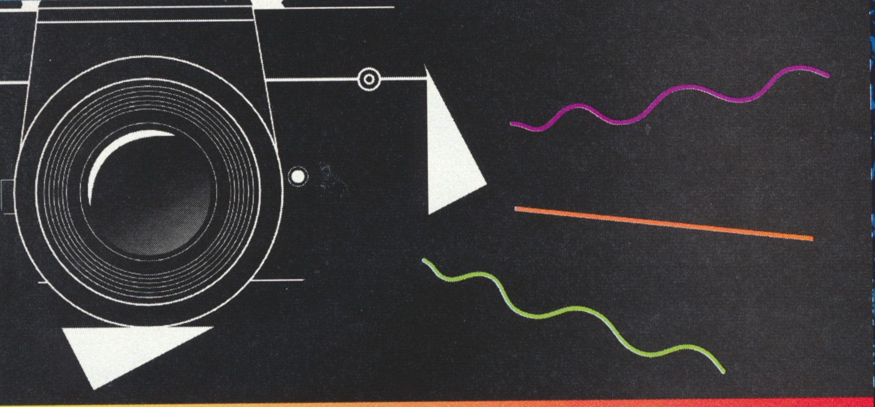


private eye

TAIL

PHOTOS BY RICH FREEDA

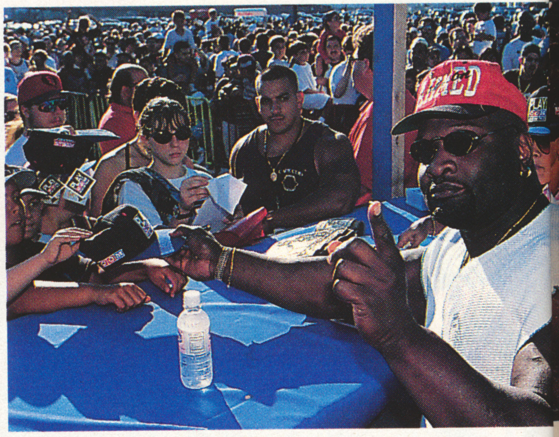
This past Fourth of July weekend, some of you may have been entertained by the sights and sounds of the rockets' red glare... perhaps the bombs bursting in air... and maybe even some ramparts! (What in the world is a RAMPART?) Anyway... nothing could compare to the fireworks that went off when Sunny and the rest of the World Wrestling Federation superstars celebrated America's birthday with a block party at the New Haven Coliseum and a tailgate party at the Continental Airlines Arena. To say the least, the Federation Fourth of July weekend parties left quite an impression on both Connecticut and New Jersey!

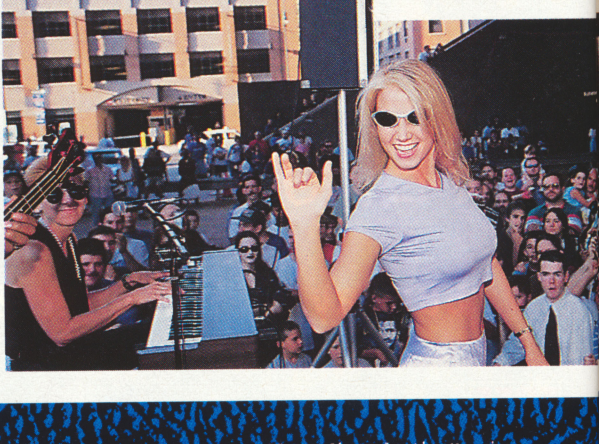
Among the festivities and tons o' FUN that went on that memorable weekend were autograph sessions with Sunny, Ahmed Johnson and the Godwinns, entertainment by the RAW Band led by the rockin' Dok Hendrix, look-a-like contests, a mountain of food (donated by Hummel Hot Dogs), the Undertaker Monster truck... well, we could just go on FOREVER!

Not only was this two-day extravaganza a chance for many Federation fans in the tri-state area to meet each other and enjoy the weekend, but it also gave the World Wrestling Federation superstars, such as Savio Vega and Jake "The Snake" Roberts, a chance to relax and enjoy some fun before competing that night inside the squared circle!

Although no fireworks were present at the parties, the crowd had quite a blast when the Federation champ took to the stage with the "Kliq-Cam"! Shawn Michaels had the sea of fans in true patriotic form while capturing on camera a mass of humanity that would put Woodstock to shame! And let's not even talk about the singing abilities of our Federation superstars! The Godwinns and Barry Horowitz eventually joined Dok Hendrix and certainly shattered some records (and maybe some nearby windows) with their "Three Tenors" impression!

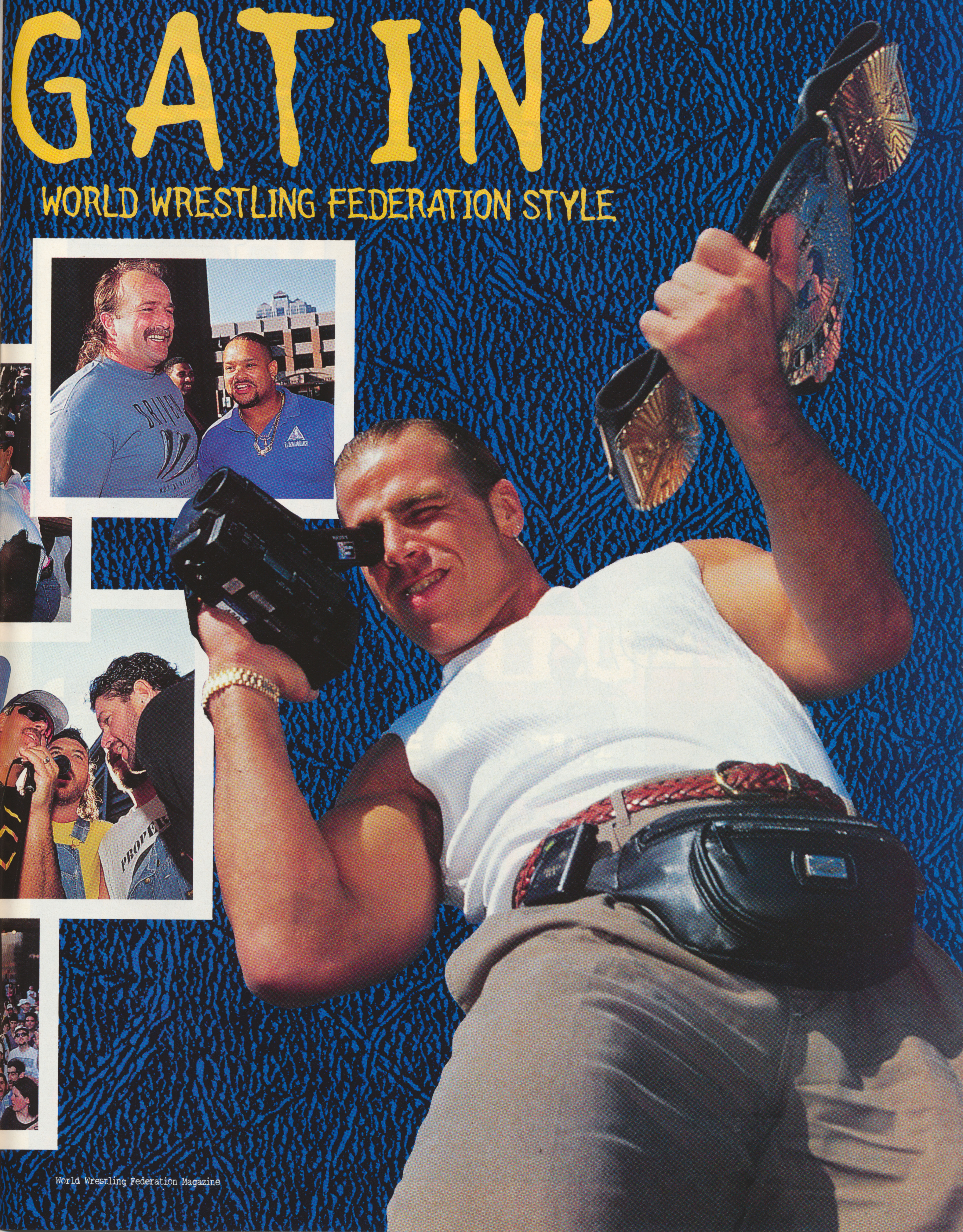
And the day didn't stop when the sun went down either! Let's not forget about the electrifying World Wrestling Federation action that went on afterward inside the arenas! Fans were treated to two nights of Slopdrops, Pearl River Plunges, DDTs and Sweet Chin Music from the opening bell to the final pinfall! While some people sat at crowded beaches getting mosquito bites, the World Wrestling Federation and its fans showed the world that they can put on an American birthday party like no one else can. WF





GAT IN'

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION STYLE

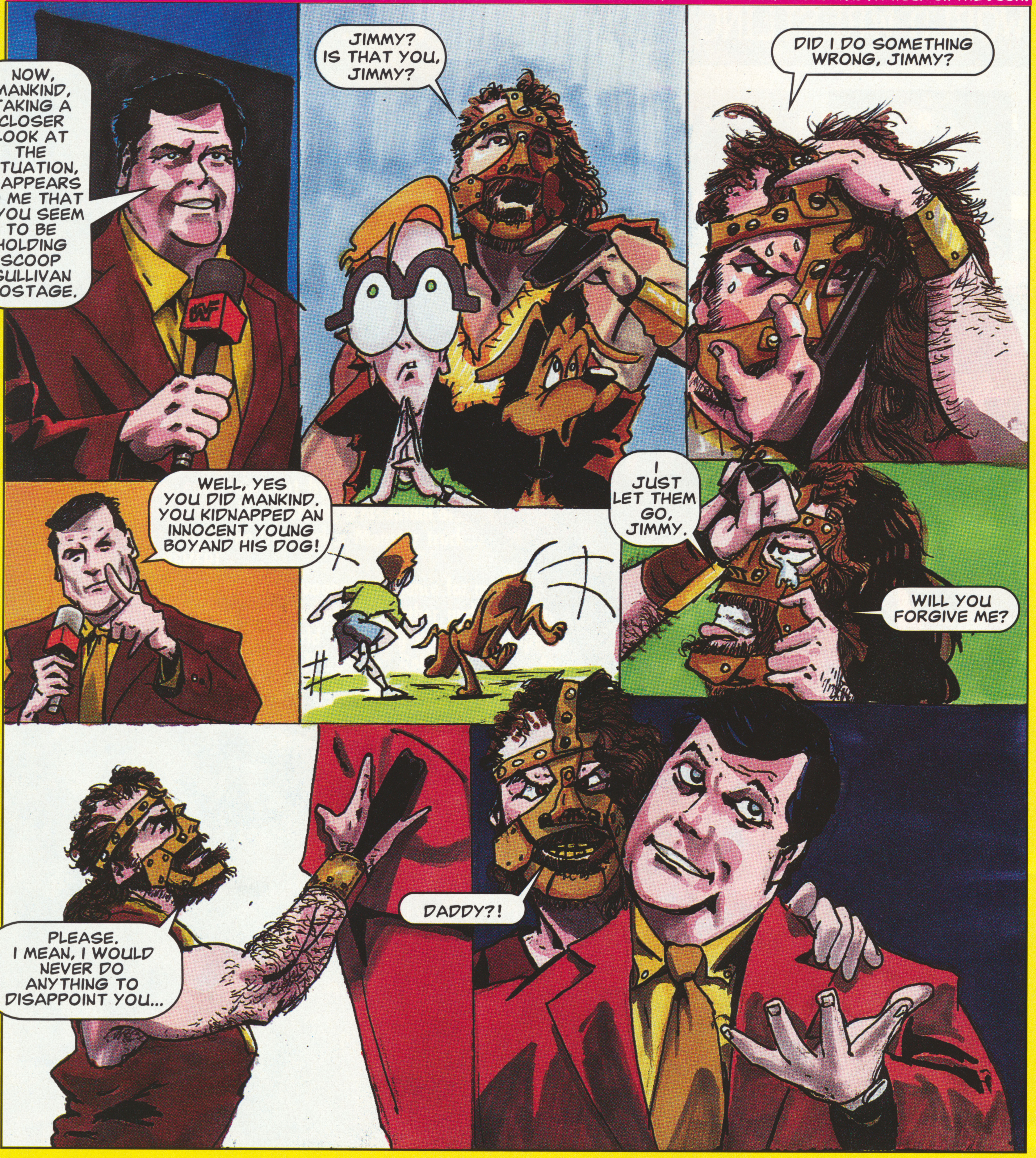

DRIVEN
PROPER

SCOOP SULLIVAN

ARTIST HOWARD M. COLBERT
WRITER VINCE RUSSO

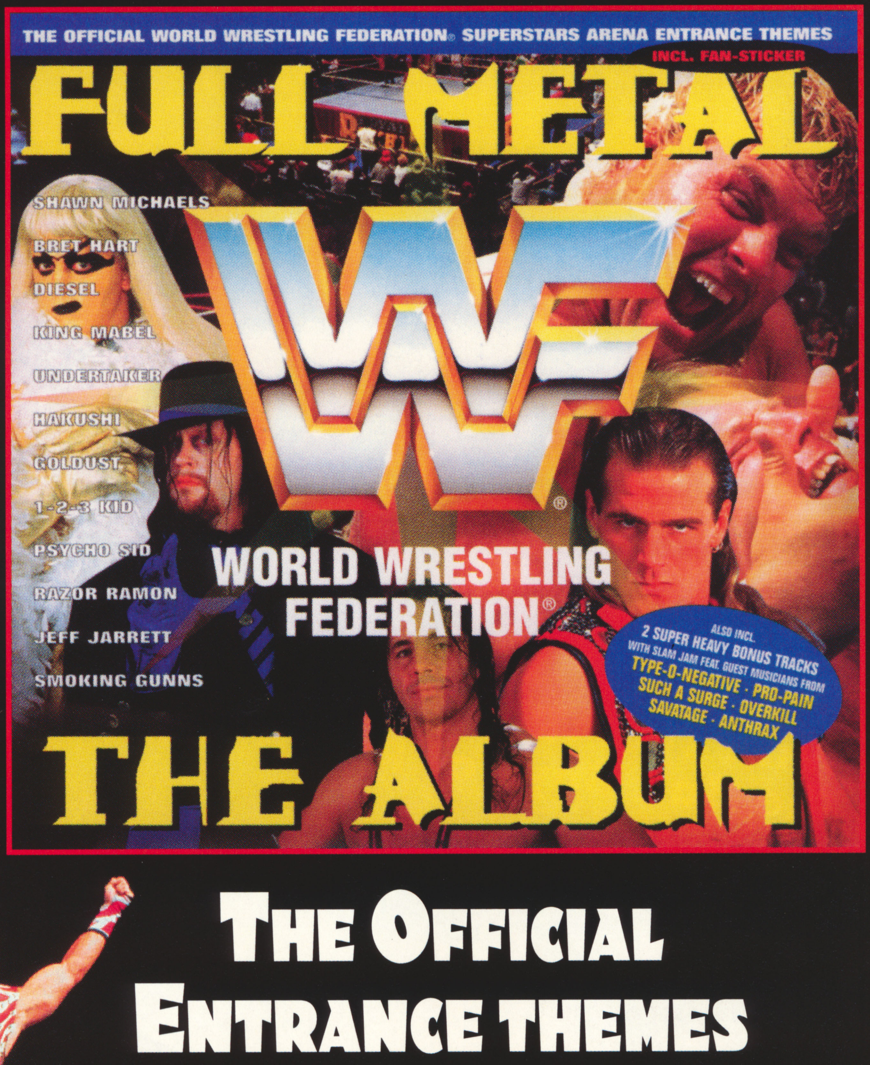
SQUARED CIRCLE SUPERHERO

WHEN WE LAST LEFT SCOOP SULLIVAN HE WAS BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN THE HIDEOUT OF MANKIND, WHEN SUDDENLY THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.


NOW, MANKIND, TAKING A CLOSER LOOK AT THE SITUATION, IT APPEARS TO ME THAT YOU SEEM TO BE HOLDING SCOOP SULLIVAN HOSTAGE.
WWF
JIMMY? IS THAT YOU, JIMMY?
DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG, JIMMY?
WELL, YES YOU DID MANKIND. YOU KIDNAPPED AN INNOCENT YOUNG BOYAND HIS DOG!
I JUST LET THEM GO, JIMMY.
WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?
PLEASE. I MEAN, I WOULD NEVER DO ANYTHING TO DISAPPOINT YOU...
DADDY?!

THIS MONTH'S SECRET SUPERSTAR IS: JIM ROSS

"Slam To This!"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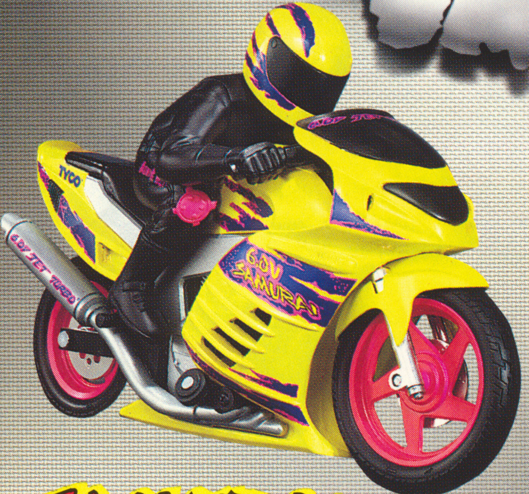

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